

The Pleasant and Delightful
HISTORY
OF

Gillian of Croydon:

CONTAINING,
Her Birth and Parentage: Her first
Amour, with the sudden Death of her
Sweet-heart: Her leaving her Father's
House in Disguise, and becoming Deputy
to a Country Midwife; with a very odd
and humourfome Adventure before a
Justice of the Peace, for screening a Child
under her Hoop-petticoat: Her discovery
of a Love-Intrigue between her Mistress's
Daughter, and a perjur'd, false-hearted
Young-man, which she relates in the tragi-
cal History of *William and Margaret*: Her
Account of a Country Wedding in *Kent*;
with several merry Passages which at-
tended it. Illustrated with suitable Cuts.

The Whole done much after the same Me-
thod as those celebrated NOVELS,
By Mrs. *ELIZA HATWOOD*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for ARTHUR BETTESWORTH, at
the *Red-lyon* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1727.

HISTORICAL

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THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
READER.

IT must be confess'd, that much hath been written upon the Subject of LOVE, even before Printing was introduc'd into *Great Britain*; that Passion working differently upon the Minds of People in all Places, and Ages, has had as different Effects. *Ovid*, the *Latine* Poet, and even *Chaucer*, that old *English* one,

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one, have transmitted down to us various Instances of this kind; besides those which a multitude of other Authors have left behind them. No wonder then, that Love is as prevalent in this our Age, which is grown so gay and polish'd: Nor is there any room for Admiration, that it has call'd to mind the famous *Gillian of Croydon*, and gave birth to the following Sheets.

The Reader, therefore, may observe through the Course of this History, that it was not writ with a View to encourage Perfidy, or the gratifying a brutish Appetite in either Sex; but, on the contrary, rather to excite Constancy in Affection, and a chaste Enjoyment of each other; for which Man and Woman were first form'd in Paradise.

To Love thus, is to live in a State whereby we may reasonably look for a full Fruition of all the substantial Joys peculiar to it; when those, who run counter to the lawful Dictates of it, entail upon themselves and Posterity a prodigious Train of Miseries and Pains

Pains; besides the Consequence of a despicable Poverty in this Life, and shameful Death; without any visible Prospect of being happy hereafter.

True Love is Reputable, Honourable, and Lasting; when the contrary sinks into a State of Contempt, has no solid Fixation; but sweeps away with it our Reputation, and leaves nothing behind but Rottenness in the Bones. — And this is the Product of a wild superficial Love.

Instances of both Kinds are here set in their true Light; On the one hand, that faithful Lovers may be encourag'd to persevere in their Constancy, to the making one another happy: On the other, that those wild Youths, who glory in their wanton Sallies upon the Fair Sex, and by their Breach of Oaths, betray them to forfeit their Vertue and Reputation, may retrospect their Lives, Joy and reclaim in time; preserve their Families untainted, and live to a good old Age, free from those miserable Pains and Disquiets, which make Life, not only burdensome, but obnoxious.

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There remains now no more, but that the Reader will find, contrary, perhaps, to his Expectation, that instead of *Gillian of Croydon's* being a Person of ill Repute, as the World has given out, she was a Maid chaste and constant, a Wife, faithful, vertuous, and tender, and a Widow, submissive and patient ; in all respects worthy the Character given her at the latter-end of this Book.



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The HISTORY of
Gillian of Croydon, &c.



CHAP. I.

*Her Birth and Parentage; the different Ways
her Parents took in her Education; her first
Amour, and the sudden Death of her Sweet-
Heart; with Gillian's Lamentation.*

GILLIAN of Croydon (vulgarly so
called, because that her Mother, who
was born in *Surrey*, often resorted with
this her Daughter to *Croydon* Markets and
Fairs) had for her Parents an honest Farmer,
and

The Pleasant History

and a Malster's Daughter of *Kent*. Her Father and Mother had several Children besides this *Gillian*, but they all dy'd before they came to the Age of Maturity, which made the old People take more than ordinary Delight in her; whose Aspect and Make render'd her comely and graceful in the Eyes of all that saw her: And truly, as she grew up, her Parents saw all the promising Hopes of her future Felicity, that a Father and Mother could reasonably wish for——But the Vicissitude of Fortune, tho' never so auspicious, sometimes frustrate our Expectations, and leave us in the lurch when we the least expect it!

And thus it happen'd in relation to this our *Gillian*; who being put to School to learn to Read and Write, met one day with a very unlucky Accident.——Their Method was, to send her but onco a Day to School, and that but for four Hours, by reason of the distance of the Place from her Habitation.——Going thither one Morning, she happen'd to fall down, and sprain her Ankle, as she was hastily stepping over a Style, (she being of a volatile and brist Nature) so that the violence of the Pain and Anguish she was in, made her go limping, and very pitifully along by the Road-side.——Now it happen'd, that at that very Interim, a young Man, named *William*, a Neighbour's Son of hers, was riding then to Market, who observing her in so helpless a Condition, could not but commiserate the charming Maid; he having before entertain'd
some

of Gillian of Croydon.

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some tender Thoughts in favour of her, having several times seen her at her Father's House.

He soon alighted, and taking her in his Arms, comforted her with all the endearing Expressions his Heart could suggest.——He bewail'd her Misfortune in the most moving Words, and offer'd his Service in the most unfeigned manner, to get her safe Home ; and taking fast hold of her Hand, he press'd it, as Love in its Infancy gently does ; laid his Cheek to hers ; which glowing with an irresistible Flame, she could not prevent, notwithstanding all the Efforts her Virgin-Modesty could make, she now being enrer'd into the fourteenth Year of her Age.

With some seeming Reluctance she accepted of *William's* Kindness ; who, with all the Tenderness imaginable, got her on Horseback, (it being customary with Country Lasses to ride without a Side-Saddle) and gently led the Horse by the Bridle, till she came with safety to her Father's House.

The old Couple, no doubt, were very much afflicted at this Misfortune.——They took her in, bewail'd the Accident with Eyes full of Pity and Concern ; and return'd *William* a thousand Thanks for this his Kindness to their Daughter ; and, before his departure, gave him an Invitation to their House, suitable to his Wishes and Expectations.——But, were you to read the Looks of *William* and *Gillian*, at their Separation for this time, you would have thought on nothing but the

fatal Scenes and Prospects of Death separating Husband and Wife, Parents and Children; and all that is dear and valuable to us in this World: Nay, it belongs only to those who understand the Discipline of the Eye well, to describe the violent Emotions of this tender Couple at their parting.

And now, *William* having taken his Leave, with a slow Pace disconsolately departed; Lame in his Mind, as *Gillian* in her Ankle: for the little God *Cupid*, when once he aims his Dart, seldom misses the most tender and sensible Part.— He now felt something, he knew not what, disorder his Spirits: He grew less facetious, indifferent to Conversation, and affected extremely to be retir'd and alone.

This sudden Alteration was soon observ'd in the Family; and it was with the more Concern they saw it, since he as closely kept disguis'd the Occasion of it.— So stupid is Mankind often, when one particular Passion presides, and makes Reason stoop and truckle to its Force!

On the other hand, *Gillian* felt, (tho' her Ankle mended) severer Torments in her tender Breast.— She grew restless to those about her; would neglect her usual Diet; steal out into the Garden, or some By-place, and there passionately bemoan herself; longing ardently to see the precious Image of her Lover.

Thus

of Gillian of Croydon.

Thus these two Lovers labour'd under Difficulties and Torments, known only to those who first feel the Emotions of Love.—

But they must meet again, and have some Transports of Pleasure to compensate their Grief. *William* soon found the Opportunity of making good the Invitation *Gillian's* Parents had given him. He dress'd himself upon the Holiday of *St. Marks*, there being a great Match of Cudgel-fighting, and other Exercises to be performed that Day, by the Youth in the neighbouring County; and being equipp'd in his best Clothes, he made a graceful Appearance; so that when he came to *Gillian's* House, the whole Family admir'd his comely Person and Behaviour; but much more *Gillian*, who, with the sudden Transports of Joy at the sight of him, had much ado to keep herself from Swooning. So violent is the Effects of Joy, or Sorrow, when once they swell themselves to an Extremity!

After some few Complements had pass'd between each other, he rallied up his Spirits with all the briskness he could, and ask'd Leave of the old Couple, to have their Daughter's Company for that Holiday: assuring 'em, that he had so strict a Regard for all that was dear to her, that he would take as much Care of her Safety as themselves, and treat her with the same Respect and Civility.—The old Folks look'd on their Daughter; she blush'd, but her Eyes gave consent; and his Request

was granted : So that she had nothing to do but dress herself up to the best Advantage, that she might make as gay an Appearance as the rest of the Company.— She need not have taken much Pains to do this ; for she had a Face and Shape set round with Charms sufficient, without the many various Dresses and Helps of Art.

She was no soon ready, and a Billion put upon *Hollis* Horse, but up they mounted, and rode to see the Diversions of the Day.

But were I to repeat the feeling Discourse they had on the Way, in relation to Love ; their soft and ceaste Kisses, and Love-toyings together ; the many endearing Smiles, the anxious Looks and piercing Sighs ; the solemn Vows of a faithful and sincere Affection for each other, 'twould spin our designed History to a greater Length than intended.— Let it suffice to say, here was no Court-juggling betwixt 'em, no *Smithfield* Match carrying on ; but a faithful and sincere Courtship, in its downright native Innocence ; such which Heaven always approves of, and often indulges in a Series of matrimonial Felicity, tho' here Providence did not think it proper, for Reasons we must not dive into ; as will be shewn hereafter.

The Time was now come, which brought 'em to the place of their intended Pleasure for that Day.— The Lads and Lasses were all assembled together on a pleasant Green ; and every one endeavour'd to appear with all the Gaiety

Gaiety and Chearfulness they could.—They danc'd, they sung, and run their Length of Mirth, with all the innocent Sports and Pastimes that a Country Life affords.

At last came on the grand Trial of Manhood, when each Swain was to strive who should behave himself best in the Eyes of his Lads.—The Cudgels were cross'd, and the Belt thrown on the Ground ; and every Lad, with his Mate, made a Circle beautiful and lovely as the Sun at its first Creation.—On one side was erected a Pole, of a proper Size and Length ; on the Top of which was a Flag, which wav'd pleasantly with the Wind ; beneath that, a Yard or two, hung the Victor's Prize, which was a Crown of Flowers, decorated with Ribbons of all sorts of curious Colours.—Whoever perform'd best, was to have this Garland fix'd on his Head, and its disposal was at his pleasure.

Among the ambitious Swains, who should appear first, but lusty *Ralph*, a Youth of large but very ungain Size ; too big in proportion to the rest of the Swains. Clumsy and heavily he stalk'd about, before he took up the Belt, and bold Defiance to the rest he made. His uncouth Look dismay'd them all but *Gillian's* Love ; who having view'd him thro' awhile, at last arose from her reluctant Arms, and took the other Belt.—With eager Eyes the attentive Crowd gaz'd on, big with Impatience to see who gain'd the Prize.

The Victory was doubtful awhile, and some Foils happen'd on both sides, till *William*, animated with a Courage peculiar to the Brave, flung him fairly twice on his Back, to surly *Ralph's* great Disgrace, and Pleasure of the Company; and much more *Gillian*, who sat trembling on the Grass all the time, concern'd for his Welfare.

The first Step gain'd, the undaunted *William* snatch'd from the verdant Earth an oaken Cudgel, and wav'd it thrice about his Head, in bold defiance to the rest; when *Robin* the Archer, a bold and active Youth, came out, and took the other Stick.——Each measur'd fairly their Cudgels length, shook Hands, and so began the Fight.——Both with Dexterity and Art defend themselves some time; and hard it was to guess who should decide the Fray. The lovely Lasses sitting round about, with many an aching Heart, both saw and heard the several frightful Strokes.——Here, at the Head of *William*, *Robin* directly made; but the other as warily oppos'd his Blow; when, with an Eagle's Eye, he threw in his Stick, and broke the unguarded *Robin's* Head, so that the Blood ran trickling down his Face.

A mighty Shout immediately was given; and all, with one Consent, agreed the Victory on *William's* side.———This done, the rosey Crown was took and plac'd on *William's* Head; each jealous Lass waiting with Impatience to see the happy She on-whom he would

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would bestow the Trophies of his Victory : But long they were not kept in suspense, before *William*, with eager haste, ran to his dearest *Gillian*, and clapp'd the flow'ry Garland round her Head ; and, with the same, gave her the most soft and melting Kisses a Lover could bestow.

These Sports thus ended, they all agreed to close the Day with Dancing on the Green ; each Lad with his Lass trod the Earth with nimble Feet ; and every Swain, charm'd with his pretty Mate, concluded the Day with far more substantial Delights, than are to be found in the Palaces of Princes.——The Crowd then separating, each Couple retired to their respective Homes ; among the rest, the happy *Gillian*, with her beloved *William*, rode their Way, attended with a Crowder playing all the Way pleasantly till they came to her Father's House ; where they were entertain'd and welcom'd with all the choicest Provisions the House could afford ; the old Folks being highly pleas'd with the Favours *William* had conferr'd on their Daughter.

And thus their mutual Loves seem'd to promise a Consummation of lasting Bliss, but it must not last long ; — Heaven thought it not proper.—— Love has its Rose-bush, but it is full of Prickles likewise.—— *No Pleasure without Pain.* Our greatest Expectations, though rais'd never so high, often depress us of a sudden, and leave us lower than we were before ; — So uncertain are all the

anxious Cares, and enchanting Felicities of this Life!

And so it must now befall this tender Couple.—*William* had hitherto behav'd himself so well in the Eyes of *Gillian's* Father and Mother, that they approv'd of his courting their Daughter for a Wife.— He had gain'd also his own Friends Consent; and there was scarce a Day in the Week, but he enjoy'd her Company.

At last, the Time was agreed upon for their Marriage, and a strict Friendship and Union was contracted between both their Families:— But before that happy Day comes on, a Cloud arose, which threaten'd much our Lovers Bliss; and thus it happen'd:

A certain Match of Horse-racing, was made on the neighbouring Downs, by some Gentlemen of the County; to which Place most of the Country People round about resorted.— Among the rest, *William* resolv'd to make one; for which purpose, early that Morning he arose, and went to take Leave of his lovely *Gillian*.

No sooner had she heard his Intention, but her Spirits sunk within her.—She had some secret Impulses upon her, which she thought promis'd nothing favourable. She, therefore, besought him, with all the Tenderneſs imaginable, nay, with Tears in her Eyes, not to go to the Racing that Day.— But he, tho' all compassionate, and dissolv'd with Love, evaded whatever she said, and begg'd she would

would calm herself in respect to any Danger that might befall him.

She, again, renew'd her Entreaties ; told him, what frightful Dreams she had the Night before : — that a Hare had cross'd her ; and the Magpies chatter'd fearfully that Morning, as she was milking in the Field. — With several other Omens, which, she said, foretold no good. But still he persisted in his first Resolution ; he would not be deny'd : So that, in the midst of a thousand Kisses and Embraces, he forc'd himself from her Arms, and getting on Horseback, parted from her dear Presence und Conversation, by riding swiftly out of sight.

She had gaz'd as long after him as her briny Tears would let her, when she went disconsolate to her Chamber, and there spent the tedious Hours till Night, in praying and wishing for his Welfare, and safe return. — But Prayers and Wishes were in vain, Darkness came on, but with it no *William* ; — no Comfort for her : So that the Night pass'd with all the Sorrows and Grievs that a Soul coul labour under. — A thousand different Thoughts came into her Head, when Morning came, and with it, a Messenger from his Father, with the heart-breaking News to her of a sudden Sickness that had befallen her Lover. — How that, having rid too hard, and over-heated his Blood, it had thrown him into a violent Fever, insomuch that they even despair'd of his Life.

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There is no Hypocrisy, no Deceit in true Love; — it cannot stifle its Grief; — its Repentments, like a Flood, will break loose, and overthrow all before it; nay, destroy itself at last, if not timely stopp'd by a calm Resignation to the Will of Fate.

At this News she burst forth into a Flood of Tears; tore her Hair, and wrung her Hands, with the most piteous Outcries imaginable: Nay, had she not been timely restrain'd by those about her, would have laid violent Hands on herself.——What a Scene of Affliction was this to her sorrowful Parents, who, with Tears in their Eyes, stood comforting and bemoaning her Condition.—They labour'd hard to bring her to herself, and be submissive to the Will of Heaven.—They entreated, and begg'd, nay, enjoyn'd her to recall her drooping Spirits, and be of good Cheer; remonstrating the many Possibilities of *William's* recovering and doing well again. And this they did for some time, before they could gain any thing upon her.—— At last, Grief having vented itself, she held up her drooping Head, and wiping her Eyes, listen'd to what her Parents were going to say.

They told her, they equally shar'd in her Grievs; that if she would be patiently submissive, they would get every thing ready to go along with her to *William's* House; and that they would see, in conjunction with his Father and Mother, that nothing should be wanting, in order to his Recovery.—Reminding

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ing her, at the same time, that if their Expectations should fail, and that it should fall out so, as that his Sicknefs should prove a Sicknefs even to Death, she must behave herself so calmly under it, as not to bring their gray Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.

Gillian heard all they said, and seem'd to comport herself to their Desires ; when ev'ry thing bring ready, they made all the haste they could to *William's* House.— They no sooner arriv'd there, but they found all the Family in Tears ; for *William's* Distemper had increas'd so violently, thac he was in a manner upon the Point of expiring.

A sorrowful Reception was here on all sides ; but the greatest Grief fell to the share of *Gillian*, who, impatient of seeing the Object of her Affections, privately stole into the Chamber where he lay, and had no more Time than to exchange a parting Kiss or two, when he clos'd his Eyes, and dy'd.

Here now let every one make their own Reflection upon this melancholy Scene.— Those can do it best, who have parted with their Frtends and Relations ; and help'd to close their Eyes, as did our *Gilian*, those of her Lover's.

She no sooner saw him dead, but she gave such a Shriek as alarm'd the whole House ; who running up Stairs, found her bathing his Face with Floods of Tears. They were oblig'd to use Force to get her out of the Chamber ; and 'twas with the greatest difficulty,
for

for a Day or two, that they could preserve Life in her, and bring her to herself:— But her Sorrows had so much depress'd her, and her ill State of Health so far weaken'd her Constitution, that, with much ado, she bore being carried home by her Friends: So that there was no possibility of following him to the Grave, who, three Days afterwards, was decently interr'd, with the usual Formalities and Ceremonies customary to Batchelors among the Country People; and whose Death was much lamented by all that knew him.

Time, with its Iron Teeth, devours all things; and there is a Time, when *Time* will be no more.— The Sorrows of *Gillidan*, as well as *Gilléan* herself, must have an End too.— But as her Love and Affections were sincere, so must it require the longer Time for her to forget the Object of them.— Had she been a Widow, who had known the Pleasures of a married State, we might, perhaps, have seen her, like some of those hypocritical Dames, weeping and sobbing o'er her Husband's Grave, threatening to throw herself into it, and be buried with him; tho' at the same time she had hold of the Hand of him, to whom she design'd to be married next.— But she was a Maiden, chaste in her Desires, and faithful and ardent in her Affections; so that hitherto she was free from that sort of Hypocrisy.

She grew by degrees to recover Strength, and her pristine Beauty began to appear in
some

some measure again ; but yet she could not
 rase out of her Memory, the sweet Endear-
 ments she often enjoy'd in the Conversation
 of her deceased Lover.—— She, therefore,
 would frequently retire to the several Places
 and Groves, where they met together, to taste
 the chaste and sweet Delights of Love.—— And
 one day being seated in one of these pleasant
 Receptacles, she was heard to make the fol-
 lowing Complaint ; which, for its native In-
 nocence, and Elegancy of Stile, we have turn'd
 into Verse ; she having a great Veneration for
 Poetry, and some competent Taste and Judg-
 ment in several Branches of it.



Gil.



*Gillian of Croydon's Lamentation
for the Loss of William
her Sweet-heart.*

*ON a soft mossy Bank, by break of Day,
Gillian of Croydon in a Grotto lay;
A little Hilleck, tursted o'er with Grass,
Serv'd for a Pillow to the pensive Lass.
And whilst unseen she lay, around her Smile
The red-edg'd Dazie, and green Camomile:
The fading Flowers hung each envious Head,
Languid their Whiteness grew, and Pale their
Red;
No more they spread their Colours to the Sun,
Their Beauties are by Gillian far out-done.
Thus laid, the Virgin vents her rueful Tale,
Whilst Tears with mournful Eloquence prevail.
The Winds are conscious to her Grieffs alone,
And, in soft Whispers, answer ev'ry Groan:
And thus she cry'd,—William! how long must I
Wish for my Death, yet be deny'd to dye?*

Thy

of Gillian of Croydon. 17

*Thy faithful Gillian nothing else cou'd crave,
But to have follow'd mourning to thy Grave.
My sympathizing Heart thy Hearse adorn'd,
And in a Sea of Grief thy Burial mourn'd.*

*Well I remember my Concern for you,
When round our House the jetty Raven flew,
And three times croak'd, but when it rear'd its
Flight,*

*And on the new-made Thatch I saw it light,
O none can tell the Grief I did sustain,
To think what Mischief might befall my
Swain!*

*Down on my Knees I fell, and beg'd of Pan,
To pity Gillian, and to spare her Swain:
But all in vain; for, on that very Night,
I by the Window 'spy'd this dismal Sight,
The Dogs below had rooted up the Ground,
Which, tho' I thrice fill'd up, thrice open found,
And more to fill the Measure of my Woe,
They give three ominous Howls before they go.
I, all in Tears, cry'd, My sweet William's gone,
And I, poor, helpless Maid, am quite undone.
That Hawthorn-Hedge, that us'd so blithe
t'appear,*

*And send forth flow'ry Sweets, when thou wast
near,
No more shall flourish, or grow gay again,
Since my sweet William cruel Death has slain.
The gold-bill'd Black-bird, and the mottled
Thrush,*

*That us'd to sing so sweet in ev'ry Bush,
No longer Musick give, my William's Art
Form'd the melodious Sounds that fir'd my Heare'
What*

When once I went abroad to milk my Cow,
 I saw thee standing by my Father's Mow;
 And, whilst thou pensive lean'd upon thy Rake,
 My rising Bosome panted for thy sake.
 Strait I went home, 'twas Eve of good Saint
 Mark,

Then I resolv'd to know my loving Spark.
 None thinking then that Love was in my Head,
 They eat their Supper, and so went to Bed;
 And that I might perform the Plot I laid,
 I did that Night the Business of our Maid:
 The House I swept, and made a bonny Fire,
 The Table spread with what it did require.
 Then brought the Victuals out from Shelf
 within,

And hung a clean-wash'd Smock a-cross the
 Line:

Next, who would come to turn it, watch'd to
 see;

For he, Folks say, shall your true Lover be.
 Beneath the Table I sat down unseen,
 And, e're 'twas long, methoughts yourself came
 in,

As neat as e'er I saw; 'twas One a-Clock,
 When pleas'd I saw sweet William turn my
 Smock.

But, ah! the piteous Sight form'd in my
 Mind,

That a grim Ghost a Coffin brought behind!
 Frighted at this, to Bed I soon did creep,
 Nor got, that live-long Night, one Wink of
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Next Morning I arose, before the Sun,
 And, in my Smock, quick to the Casement run.
 Tenthousand Whimsies still possess'd my Head,
 And all I dreaded most, was, thou wert dead:
 But, over-joy'd, I spy'd thee ganging strait,
 Bonny and blithe by Neighbour Hobson's Gate.
 Unwittingly at Night I went to Bed,
 And slept with Prayer-book beneath my Head:
 Our waggish Maid, it seems had laid it there,
 And doubled down a Leaf she thought most
 near
 The Place whereby the Parson does the Work,
 When Lads and Lasses join their Hands at Kirk.
 She put a Six-pence too, and cross'd the Pair
 Of Box-haft Knives, she bought last Croydon-
 Fair.
 She had been told, it seems, that this would
 prove
 A Charm, to make you dream of your true
 Love.

As thus I lay, the Visions of the Night
 O'er-joy'd my Bosome with too vast Delight:
 Methoughts I saw a bonny Lad come forth,
 Deck'd with the Beauties of the plunder'd
 Earth;
 The Cowslip, Dazie, Rose, and Jessamine,
 In blending Wreaths about his Temples shine:
 Strait from his Head he doff'd the Garland now,
 And plac'd the flow'ry Trophies on my Brow.
 Just here the envious Cock my Slumbers broke,
 By crowing thrice, nill from my Dream I
 wake.

The Pleasant History

So up I got as soon as I could see,
 And gang'd across the Meed to milk my Kees
 Then home, with smoking Kit, I strait made
 haste,
 Churn'd last Night's Cream; so sat me down
 to rest:
 Next fed our Poultry, and well-serv'd the
 Swine;
 And saw Hay fetch'd, to keep in Heart our
 Kine.

This done, I swiftly saw my William come
 To ask my Parents leave to go from Home;
 When to some neighb'ring Wake we strait made
 way,
 To spend with Mirth and Innocence the Day
 Where, when we came, a jovial Crew we
 found
 Of Lads and Lasses circled on the Ground.
 Two oaken Cudgels in the midst were laid,
 And two new Belts, of toughest Leather made
 High in the Air there hung a flow'ry Crown,
 To grace his Brows that had the Conquest won.
 Beside the Garland wav'd a Ribbon too,
 The clearest Sky ne'er shew a fairer Blue.

Then homespun Ralph came out, a Belt he
 took,
 And challeng'd all the Swains with haughty
 Look;
 When William then stept forwards to the Clown
 Took t'other Belt, and laid the Bumpkin down

Th

of Gillian of Croydon. 21

The angry Swain resolv'd for t'other Bout,
But William quickly threw the clumsy Lout.
The Lad disgrac'd, amidst the Crowd retir'd,
When happy thou with thirst of Glory sir'd,
Snatch'd up the oaken Weapon from the
Ground,

And wav'd it thrice with graceful Motion
round.

Then the brisk Archer Robin came in Rage,
Resolv'd the wrestling Victor to engage,
The other Cudgel from the Grass he took,
And meas'ring Lengths, in Friendship Hands
they shook :

Long time the Fray was doubtful of its End,
For both with Art oppose, with Art defend.

As on the Grass the rosey Lasses set,
With anxious Pain who should the Vict'ry get,
Till peerless Will. at last grew wond'rous quaint,
And to'ards the other's Legs he made a Feint ;
Robin guards there, unmindful of his Fate,
When William's Arm strook low, and broke his
Pate.

A sympathizing Laugh spread, o'er the Plains,
And Robin was the Jest of all the Swains.

At threefold Conquest, William, thou might'st
boast,
Since all strove hard who should applaud thee
most.

Strait with the Ribbon blue, I saw thee
crown'd,

And the gay Garland gird thy Temples round.

With

The Pleasant History

*With Eyes intent, the jealous Lasses view,
What happy She the Conqu'ror should subdue
When, smiling cross the Plain, thou ran with
Speed,*

*And plac'd the Sylvan Wreath about my Head,
The Ribbon too thou gav'st me, and with this
Along-expected, and long wish'd-for Kiss.
Bedeck'd with these, I all the Day was seen,
In various Dances, fine as any Queen:
Till sable Clouds, deck'd round with golden
Light,*

*Forewarn'd us all of the approaching Night
At Setting-Sun the rural Pastimes end,
And ev'ry one dispers'd, all homewards bend.
Twixt verdant Quick-Setts, William, Thee
and I.*

*Pleasant, and pleas'd, thro' ev'ry Grove pass'd
by.*

*Sometimes thou press'd my Hand, and, sighing,
said,*

*Oh! were it always thus, my charming Maid,
Sometimes to make the Journey seem less long,
You'd pass the idle Moments in a Song:*

*Or, with thy Pipe, would'st fill the neigh-
bring Ground,*

*Till pining Eccho's wanton'd with the Sound,
By various Repetition, whilst my Swain
Play'd careless on thro' ev'ry puzzling Strain.*

*Thus ran the Time away, my Life was spent
With all the sweet Delights of true Content:
Nor need I any thing to wish for more,
Thou wast my All, and all I had in store;*

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Till cruel Death, swift as that fatal Race,
Which first gave Birth to this my mournful
Case,

Robb'd me at once of all I held most dear,
And left me, helpless Maid, to moan thee here.
No more shall we together see the Lambs,
In harmless Sports, frisk round their fleecy
Dams.

No more shall we together sit, and see
The Turtle Bill and Cooe, like Thee and Me,
Bless'd with a chaste and faithful Constancy.

No more behold the fine-limb'd tender Fawns,
Swift as the Wind, fly o'er the silver Lawns.

Ah i now no more, no more shall Gillian find
In Body Comfort, or true Peace in Mind,
Since now my dearest lyes in Death's cold Urn,
From whence he never, never will return.

I once appear'd the blithiest Lass, and gay,
But now my Beauty's gone, and fled away.
The Charms that formerly were wont to flow,
Are fled and gone, and all grows fading now.

And now, alas! all Sun-burnt is my Neck,
The Cherry grows not on my fading Cheek;
So pale my Face is grown, I scarce could tell
I saw my own sad Form in yonder's Well.

Oh! never will my Visage bloom again,
Till I in Death shall join my peerless Swain.

Ah, William, William, Lad of muckle Meed,
That well could'st sing and dance, and tune
the Reed;

Why do I think on what thou wert? Thou'rt
dead,

And from poor Gillian ev'ry Joy is fled.

Thus

*Thus sung the Maid her melancholy Tale,
 To Musick mournful as the Nightingale ;
 When dusky Clouds along the Welkin flew,
 And spread a sable Mantle o'er its blue.
 The gaudy, heav'nly Bow no Calm explains,
 A Tempest rising, and impending Rains :
 The piteous Damsel leaves her grassy Bed,
 And thro' a neighb'ring Meadow homewards
 sped :
 With swelling Teats, her lowing Cows, they
 stand,
 Waiting the gentle Pressure of her Hand.*



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C H A P. II.

Gillian having lost her Sweet-heart, leaves her Father's, and rambles about the Country ; takes into the Service of a Country Midwife ; and meets with a very odd Adventure before a Justice of the Peace, for screening a Bastard-Child under her Hoop-Petticoat.

Notwithstanding all the Tenderness of Gillian's Parents, they could not erase out of her Mind, the Remembrance and Concern she had for the Loss of her Sweet-heart.— She therefore resolving to leave her Parents, one Day, when they were gone to Market,

Market, and the Family in the Fields, pack up what Necessaries she thought convenient and went solitary from Home, ranging a great distance about the Country. Many Trials and Hardships she met with, before she could find a Place of Retreat : At last she happen'd to come to the Door of a Country Midwife ; a Woman of a gay Birth, and airy Temper, and one who knew variety of Intrigue, peculiar to her Function.

This Midwife, perceiving *Gillian* to be Lascivious young and likely, thought her a Person fit for her purpose ; and therefore, after some few Questions, took her into her Service ; promising, that if she would follow her Instructions, she doubted not but to put her soon in a Way, whereby she might live the remainder of her Days with Comfort and Satisfaction.

Gillian consented to be ruled by her in all things ; and seemingly made her Mistress believe, she had a Confidante now, who would stick at nothing to serve her.— She therefore, took her to several Lyings-in, Christ'nings and Gossippings : so that with the variety of Conversation, and High living, the thoughts of the loss of her former Sweet-heart began to wear away, and she recover'd her usual Charms again, growing in a few Months to be a bonny, buxom Lass.

She had hitherto seen many subtle Intrigues practised by her Mistress ; and was let into the Secret History of her Life ; — Nor was long before she made trial of her Ingenui-

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In the following manner. — Her Mistress having lately laid privately a young Woman of a Bastard-Child ; for a certain Sum of Money, given by the Father of it, she undertook the disposal of it to some private Nurse, so that none of his Family might know any thing of the matter.

She took *Gillian* into her Closet, and told her the Affair ; and withal instructed her in the Use of the Band-box, and Hand-basket ; telling her, That if she could find no suitable Opportunity of dropping it at some wealthy Person's Door, she was to carry it to a certain Nurse, one of her Acquaintance, who would take proper care of it ; promising her, at the same time, that if she came off with Success, she should not fail of having a considerable Reward.

Gillian, who was subtle enough, and had Wit at Will, undertook the Jobb ; and accordingly dress'd herself like a Midwife, with a large Hoop-petticoat on ; and having given first a little *Diascodium* to the new-born Infant, it was put into a Hand-basket, and tied, as they thought, fast enough under her Hoop.

Away she trudg'd with it to the next Market-town, hard by ; but, as ill Luck would have it, in the midst of all the Market, the String broke, and the Basket, with the Brat, fell from under her, in the midst of a Croud of Spectators.

The good Women and Neighbours perceiving this, soon set up their clamorous Out-

cries of a Child being design'd to be murder'd; so that a Constable was call'd, and away poor *Gillian*, with her Nursery, was hurried before a Justice of the Peace. — And here she was charg'd with dropping, in their Market, at Noon-day, a Male-child, already dress'd in a Hand-basket, to the great Scandal of her Sex, and, for what they knew, the intended horrid Murder of the pretty innocent Babe.

To which Charge *Gillian* reply'd, — That their Allegations were all false; and that she was carrying the Child to Nurse, by order of its own Father; that for conveniency of Carriage, she had made use of an Hand-basket; that they were all a parcel of busy, gossiping Women; and that if they were order'd to with-draw, she would fully satisfy his Worship of the whole matter.

The Justice being amus'd at so odd an Accusation, and Answer, bid them with-draw; and then desir'd her to explain the whole Mystery, that he might the better understand what was now alledg'd against her; which she accordingly did in the manner following:

May it please your Worship, (*said she*) I am a Midwife's Deputy by Profession; and with these Hands of mine, have help'd to deliver many a good-natur'd Woman out of the Pangs of Child-birth, and brought thro' the Gulf of *Venus*, many a fine Boy and Girl in-

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to this World of Iniquity ; and a Misfortune happening in the Neighbourhood where I live, I was suddenly call'd with great privacy, by a Neighbour, a charitable good Woman, to lend my timely Assistance to her Maid-servant, who, by chance, had committed a Transgression with her own Master.

I had not attended about two Hours in my Office, (*continued she*) but by the Help of my Neighbour, and my own diligent Application, we unburden'd the Wench, got her safe to Bed, and dress'd the pretty Infant in the Clouts the Mistress and the Mother had provided for it ; the dear Babe having so much of the Father in the very Face of it, that his Beetle-brow, his *Roman* Nose, and Lip, were so visible in the Countenance of it, that the poor Infant was the exact Figure of him that got it.

Here the Justice and his Clerk smiling, she was ask'd how the Wife came to bear so great an Injury, with so little Concern.

May it please your Worship, (*replied she*) Madam herself, before she was married, had been under the like Misfortune ; which coming by accident to her Husband's Ear, has often been the occasion of bitter Words between them ; but now, she, good Woman, has got an Equivalent to upbraid him with : So that, doubtless, they will wink at one another's Faults, and live in Peace and Quietness,

ness, for the future ; especially, what was the only Sauce for the Goose, is now become Sauce for the Gander.

But to return to my Story—— (*added she*) When the Child was dress'd, the next Consideration was how to convey it safe out of the House, into the careful Custody of some good Nurse, that the Secret might not come out to the Scandal of the Family : Upon this, I being look'd upon to be the best Manager in such Matters, and knowing me to be trusty, engag'd me, with a certain Sum, to undertake the Difficulty ; which, after, a little Pause, I consented to, and accordingly put on a large Hoop-petticoat, after giving the poor Baby something to make it sleep, and rest quietly ; and the better to prevent its squalling, I cradled him in a Hand-basket, and tied it to the Binding of my Hoop-Skeleton ; so march'd my way towards an old Acquaintance, who was in want of a Nurse-child ; but e're I could waddle to my Journey's-end, the Weight of the little Urchin made the Pack-thread give way, and I was deliver'd of my Burthen before my Time, in the sight of twenty or thirty Market-women, and others ; which so enrag'd them against me, and Hoop-petticoats, that they swore they would make an Example of me ; and that Hoop-petticoats they vow'd, were only worn to hide Great-Bellies upon occasion, and to convey stolen Goods and Bastards, from one End of the Town to the other.—

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And this, she told his Worship, was the whole truth of the matter.

The Justice, being of a facetious Humour, could not but seem pleas'd with this genuine Confession of *Gillian's*; and his Curiosity carrying him a little farther, he was pleas'd to ask *Gillian*, how she came to think of so odd a Conveyance as a Hoop-petticoat!

To which *Gillian* answer'd, That having been once at *London*, she heard there of a fat, corpulent Alewife, who was sent by her Husband to purchase an *English* Ham against the *Easter* Holidays; which she bought accordingly of the Woman of the Shop, her Husband and Apprentice being both abroad: So that having no body to carry it home for her, and Madam being a frugal Woman, and unwilling to be at the Charge of a Coach, or a Porter, neither caring to be seen with so great a Bundle in her Arms, (being nicely dress'd in her Holiday Cloaths) resolv'd to take the same Method with the Ham; only with this difference, for fearing it should greaze her Petticoats, were it hung between'em, she rather chose to put Flesh to Flesh, and tie it with a strong Pack-thread to its Good Behaviour, so that all the Way she went, it hung dangling like the Clapper of a great Bell, fretting and rubbing against her Skin, till she got safe home, where she was deliver'd of her Burthen; and when the Ham was boil'd, every body that eat

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of it, agreed, without Exception, that it had a richer Flavour than the finest *Westphalia* they had ever tasted ; but what that was owing to, I leave your Worship to judge.—— Adding, From this very Story, I assure your Worship, I first learn'd the extraordinary Usefulness of a Hoop-petticoat.

The Justice being satisfied with *Gillian's* merry Tale, and Plain-dealing ; and convinc'd, by several Persons that knew her, that she had no wicked Design against the Infant, (it being the Effects of a private Amour) discharg'd her very honourably to take care of the Brat ; concluding, at the same time, that were it in his Power, he would have an Act of Parliament made, that all Midwives, and their Deputies, should, for the time to come, be privileged to wear a Hoop-petticoat two Yards wider than any other Women.



CHAR



C H A P. III.

Gillian discovers a private Amour between her Mistress's Daughter, Margaret, and her false-hearted Lover, Billy; a neighbouring Miller's Son. She breaks her Heart for Love of him, and dyes; but afterwards her Ghost visits him, and he dyes also.

Gillian having come off with Applause in the Intrigue her Mistress had intrusted her with, and received the promised Reward, she bought herself a gay Suit of Cloaths, and made as fashionable and handsome an Appearance as the best Farmer's Daughter in.

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the Country could make. And one Day going with *Margaret*, her Mistress's Daughter, to a Country Fair, by the Way, she observ'd her young Mistress to fetch many piteous Sighs, and seem'd to languish under some hidden Grief. Having some Tendernefs for her, she was resolv'd to search into the Cause, and try if she could not any ways relieve her Sorrows.

Riding along between some pleasant Trees, she took an occasion to bespeak her thus :

My dearest *Margaret*, 'tis with the greatest Concern I have heard the many sad Sighs and Complaints, your young and tender Breast has sent forth ; tell me, therefore, what secret Ailment thus disturbs your Peace.—— I, who have known what 'tis to Love, and be belov'd again, and have once been as sensibly touch'd with all the Emotions of that violent Passion, perhaps may find out some Expedient to mitigate the Pains which often faithful Hearts endure.—— 'Tis some sort of Ease ment for one Friend to impart to another, the inward Torments of a labouring Soul : And be assur'd, that in opening your Mind to me, that you will repose the Secret with as much safety, as if it were in the Cabinet of your own Soul.—— Say, charming *Margaret*, Is it not the little Tyrant *LOVE*, that thus wounds you with his Darts ; and perplexes an innocent Heart, faithful and sincere ?——

You

You guess aright ; (*reply'd Margaret, with a bitter Sigh*) but that you can be my Physician in this Case, seems as fruitless and vain to me, as my endeavouring to recall that Heart, I have lately, with so much Fondness, thrown away ; and, with it, all the promising Felicity a Virgin can expect, or wish for.—— The eager Tenderneſſes I have lavishly beſtow'd upon a Youth, too lovely for the deformity of his Soul, is the Cause, the only Cause of my Anguish.——

And here ſhe burſt out into Tears, and wrung her Hands in the moſt piteous manner ; and this ſo movingly, that even *Gillian* herſelf could not avoid dropping a Tear or two, by way of Sympathy ; but rallying her Spirits,——

Perhaps (*ſaid Gillian*) this pretended Cause of Grief, may ariſe only from within yourſelf ; and that it is chiefly owing to the various Fears and Jealouſies your own treacherous Heart ſuggeſts.——

Say you ſo ? (*interrupted Margaret, with ſome Warmth in her Expreſſions*) Alas ! alas ! you are far beyond the Mark, and imagine a vaing thing.—— Would to Heaven, I could perſuade myſelf into your Opinion ! But I, who ſhould certainly know my own Heart beſt, after the ſtrictest Searches I have made, can find no ſuch Diſcovery. Beſides, my own Eyes,——

Your

Your own Eyes (*said Gillian, interrupting her*) in Matters of Love, are the greatest Cheats in Nature; therefore, if you call them in for Witnesses, you make those beautiful Lights far more criminal than when they first gave you up a Victim to the Man you suppose has thus perfidiously abandon'd you.— Perhaps you have seen the lovely Youth impart some Favours to the tender Fair, what then? Covetous and engrossing as all our Sex are, we cannot restrain what the Laws of Necessity, Good-breeding, and Complaisance, too often force from us: The subduing such a Pique, is only looking a little into ourselves, and seeing whether we are not as equally criminal herein as the Men.

Besides my Eyes, my Ears, ——— (*cry'd Margaret.*)

Your Ears, too, (*added Gillian*) may be mistaken; and as treacherously betray you to a foolish Belief that you hear Articles agreeing upon betwixt the Man you love, and she whom you suppose your Rival.—

Good God! (*interrupted Margaret*) if our Senses are not to be rely'd upon, wherein consists the Happiness of this Life? All the Actions, excited by the several Passions of our Souls, are but mere Chimera's, and false Idea's of what we think substantial: So that our Reason is of no more use to us, but to leave us (*like a mistaken Traveller in the Night*) to be led by a false Light, till we are lost to ourselves, and the rest of Mankind.

You

You are much in the right ; (*said Gillian*) and I am glad to hear you own all this ; for, true it is, that when we suffer our Reason to be discarded by the excessive Passion of Love, 'tis no wonder that we are misled, by every jealous Conceit, into a State of Despair. — I have run thro' much the same Distemper with yourself ; which, if Reason had not timely return'd, would have buried me in the Grave with him who was the first occasion of it.

Thus the well-meaning *Gillian* would have comforted the disconsolate *Margaret* ; but her Arguments made no other Impression upon her, than a seeming acknowledging of what she said was true : So that, by this time, they had talk'd till they saw the Town where the Fair was kept, just before 'em, when Prudence oblig'd 'em to break off any further Discourse upon this Subject.

And here it was, that *Gillian* took the Pleasures of the Fair, with a merry and chearful Disposition ; whilst *Margaret* retir'd to a shady Tree, and laying herself down, in a melancholy Posture, with her Hand on her Heart, labour'd under all the Pressures of an inward Grief. — She had been made to believe that *William* would meet her there ; but tho' she look'd through every Part of the Fair, with all the Penetration she could, 'twas to no purpose : It seems, he was taken up with the Conversation of another Maiden less deserving than this our *Margaret*.

Night

Night approaching, they return'd home-wards; but, on their Way, *Gillian*, minded to pry further into the Love-Affairs of *Margaret*, intreated her to give her the Secret History of her Amours, as far as the little time they had would permit; at the same time promising her all the Assistance and Secrecy a Lover could expect.

Margaret, willing to have a Confidante, and especially one so knowing as *Gillian* was, could not deny her this Request. — So that, fetching a deep Sigh, she began the History of her Amour in the following Words.



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The History of William and Margaret.

TIME will not permit me (*said Margaret*) to spin what I am going to say, to any great length ; let it suffice then, to tell you, that I am now near Eighteen Years of Age, and that it is now two Years since I first felt the Impressions of Love.— I had been abroad one Day, at a certain Merry-making, where, among the rest of the Lads and Lasses, was a young Man, a neighbouring Miller's Son, and Relation to those by whom we were invited. In him I discover'd such Charms, as first captivated my Heart ; for he was of a graceful Shape and Make ; and had an Education far beyond what we find in those of his Father's Calling.— I soon discover'd he observ'd a more than ordinary Respect for me ; and, methoughts, I read in his Eyes all the Tenderness a Virgin could wish for.

The Time was spent in Eating and Drinking, with the usual Chat, attended with Singing

ing and Dancing peculiar to such Occasions, till Night came on, when every one was upon their departure home. Here it was that I had what I wish'd-for, the agreeable Company of the Man I lov'd, who begg'd Leave of my Mother to accompany me.

There are secret Emotions of Love, which, tho' not articulate, convey a sensible Passion thro' the Heart, and even dissolve the Soul, when Words, and all the eloquent Harangues we can make, have no such Effect. I felt all this; and, doubtless, my false deluding Youth was persuaded that I believed he had the same Sentiments for me.

It was but an Hour's Journey; the Evening was serene and pleasant; and I flatter'd myself, that this little Conversation would have laid a Foundation for more substantial Joys, than now I experience:——But I was mistaken.——This young Robber, having with an Artifice peculiar to his Sex, gain'd an Ascendant over me, grew upon my Weakness, trifled away near two Year's Time, with all the sacred Promises, that he was, with an unfeigned Affection, the most passionate Lover; and that he would never go from these his Promises; nor look upon any other of my Sex with the least View of giving me any reason to distrust his Hypocrisy.

The first time I had room to feel that Passion called Jealousy; and that another was going to supplant me in my Affections, was occasion'd thus:

I had been with *William* at *Croydon-Fair*, with some Relations on both sides, and very merry we were. Here, having took part of what Diversions that Place afforded, and Afternoon being well spent, *William* formally beg'd leave of me for an Hour, to go and visit a School-fellow of his in the Town, whom he had not seen for some Years.—— I little mistrusting his Perfidy, granted his Request, and made myself the more easy with the expectations of his return ; but, as Fate would have it, he had not left me long, before a sudden Damp came over my Spirits ; so that withdrawing from the Company, I took into the Orchard, at the lower-end of which was a Stile, which discover'd a Path, that led to neighbouring House not far before me.—— The Way being pleasant, it drew me on so far till I was stopp'd by the Voice of a Person whom I suppos'd to be one of my own Sex. My Curiosity soon made me stop, and listen to hear what this unknown Person utter'd.—— I had look'd round me, but could perceive nobody, when the Voice came more loudly from a neighbouring Thicket ; so that I could perfectly hear some Person vent herself in the following words.——

And will you, then, my lovely Youth, be so hard-hearted, as to shorten this Visit at a time which you promis'd should be the most agreeable I ever enjoy'd ? —— Would to Heaven I had never known what 'tis to love ;
espe-

especially so violently one who seems thus to parcel out his Affections, even by Bits and Scraps : So that I see I must inevitably languish under a pining Expectation of the performance of those Promises, Heaven, and these silent Shades, know you have so often made me.—— But, oh! (*cry'd she, with a Sigh*) give me back that Soul of mine, I so lavishly threw away ; that when you rend yourself from me, I may carry home something I always persuaded myself lay nearest your Heart.——

'Tis in vain (*another Voice interrupted her, which I persuaded myself was the Voice of William*) 'tis in vain you hurry yourself, my lovely *Susan*, into these Disorders, and labour under so much Impatience.—— You have no reason to distrust my Sincerity.—— My sudden leaving you now, is not because the fervency of my Passion is in the least lessen'd towards you ; or that I have some other Object in view, which shares with you in my Affections.—— No, that Heaven, and these Shades, you lately call'd as Witnesses to what I vow'd, may they still remain such to what I now swear, that none but yourself shall ever take place in my Affections : So that 'tis impossible to return you back that Heart I am persuaded my beautiful *Susan* has bestow'd upon me, without parting with my own at the same time, and with it my Life.—— The Time is not far off, (*continued he*) when you shall

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shall be convinc'd of the truth of what I say, and experience a more lasting Felicity than what these few Minutes allow; the shortness of this Visit will then be fully compensated, and my only Love have no reason to reproach me with Cruelty, or Neglect.—

With these words, I heard a violent rushing thro' the Trees, like a Horse on his full speed; and all I had listen'd to, ended with these broken Expressions,—*Oh!—Farewel! Farewel!*

'Twas now high time for me to return back: But you may easily imagine with what anxiety of Mind my Soul was fill'd, at what I had heard.—I could have wish'd that Place had been savage enough to have afforded some wild Beast, which might devour me.—My Heart beat violently, and felt different Emotions to what it did before.—I exclaim'd against my own Weakness, and the superior Charms of the rest of my Sex, which had robb'd me of my Tranquility.—I curs'd the Perfidy and Inconstancy of Mankind in general, but more particularly, that in him whom my Soul ador'd: So that having vented my Sorrows to the Air in vain, with much ado I got back to my Company; but not with so much Presence of Mind, as wholly to conceal my Disorder. However, I thought it prudent, at that time, to dissemble some sudden Indisposition; and so the real Cause went off unperceiv'd.

It

It was not long before I saw my faithless Swain ride full speed to the House where we were. He soon alighted, and coming to me, made his Excuse for tarrying, in his wonted bewitching Language ; which I, poor miserable Creature, could not but receive with my usual Freedom ; not but that he might have observ'd some Indifference in my Face, if he had look'd with that Penetration peculiar to a faithful Lover.

By this time the Company were for retiring home ; and merry enough were all but myself on the Road ; who wish'd every Moment the last when we should come to our Journey's end.——A thousand pleasant things my *William* said, to divert me on the Way ; but tho' I gave 'em the hearing, they made a quite different Impression on me, than heretofore.——I look'd upon all he said now as Disimulation, and long'd for the happy Moment when I might reproach him for it.——Nor was it long before I had my Wish ; —— that very Evening gave me an Opportunity.

The Company having broke up, we were left to ourselves ; and here my Passion swelling to a heighth, which at another time might be term'd Rudeness, I push'd him from me, just as he was going to salute me, with these words:——

And can you (*cry'd I*) carry on your Disimulation, without some secret Conviction, that

that one time or other, Heaven will discover your Falsity? —

I was going on, when he stood like one Thunder-struck, and desir'd me to explain my Meaning.

— That may be easily done, (*reply'd I*) when I let you know, that 'tis with Pleasure you triumph over two Hearts, which you have seduced by your Flattery; one of which, I am certain of, has just Reason to reproach you with Perjury and Baseness, whatever the other may lay claim to. — The undone *Margaret* has been an Ear-witness of your criminal Correspondence with another: — has heard your Promises of a faithful Affection, and strict Regard for my more happy Rival; — and am now convinc'd, that all you have hitherto said to me, was nothing but Flattery and Deceit. — How say you, *William*, (*added I*) is not this a black and heinous Charge, I fear, I have too much Reason to upbraid you with? —

My lovely *Margaret*, (*reply'd he*) whatever you may imagine of Deceit in this Breast, can have no other Foundation, than groundless Jealousy: For, upon the strictest Examination I am able to make within myself, I can find no such Crimes you charge me with: Nor is my Heart the Seat of any other Pleasure but what you are Mistress of. — I know of
no

no other to share an absolute Dominion over me, than *Margaret*.—

No, you mean *Susan*, (interrupted I) the lovely *Susan* ; therefore you must be careful how you place your Words, and consider well what you are to say.

Bless me, what Confusion was to be seen in his Face, at the hearing me repeat my Rival's Name!— The Shock was too great to be sustain'd ; so that having not one word to say, he fell down before me, and ask'd Forgiveness in the most passionate manner,— confess'd he had some Conversation with her ; but swore by all that was Sacred, 'twas with no real Intent to defraud me of my Right ; but that having been more than once at her Father's, he had foolishly given so much Encouragement to her Flame, as to keep it alive with a fond Belief that he had a real Passion for her. That he would recede from all he had endeavour'd to make her believe in the last Conversation they had together, where I overheard 'em, and for ever abandon her, would I but imitate Heaven, and be so kind as to pardon this wild Sally of his Youth ; that so he might live to convince me, by his Assiduities to serve me, that his Repentance was unfeigned and sincere.

What can a Woman do, (*cry'd Margaret to Gillian*) in this case, when she finds herself in
the

the Arms of a Man full of Contrition for his Fault ; and one that presses and sues, and kisses out his Remission ; and, with ten thousand Charms, fires the Soul of a tender Virgin, till it melts into Forgiveness, and Oblivion ? — I say, What can be done in this Case ? — I consider'd him as my first Love ; and, as Mothers see in the Eyes of their transgressing Children, something which excites 'em to Pity ; so perceiv'd I (as I foolishly thought) the most moving Scenes of Love and Pity in the invincible Eyes of *William* ; so that I had no more Power over myself, but sunk into his Arms, and receiv'd all the Endearments at that time, which Modesty would admit.

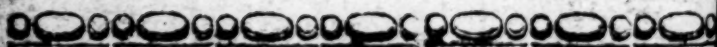
But, good God ! (*continued Margaret, with a Heart-moving Sigh*) how deceitful is the treacherous Race of Man ! — Specious are their Words, and persuasive their Arguments ; false are their Vows, and ruinous their Charms. — Poor, silly Maid ! too credulous in my Belief, fondly persuaded myself, that now I had no room to harbour any farther Distrust in my Breast ; but that he would be the Man he promis'd me ; and that all would end in the Happiness I wish'd for. But, alas ! a little time soon convinc'd me to the contrary.

Notwithstanding the Vigilance and Care I took to observe all his Steps, so cunning was he to conceal his Perfidies, that he still carried on his Amour with *Susan* ; and had several

veral private Meetings, and Correspondencies with her; at the same time observing a profound Respect for me.

This last Discovery, (and fatal I fear it will prove to me!) broke out accidentally in the following manner.

He had been to sell some Goods at a neighbouring Town, one day, and, at his return, came to pay me a Visit, who was then in my Chamber.——After some Tenderneſſes between us, he pull'd out his Pocket-book, and ſcem'd as if he was making ſome Memorandums of Affairs relating to Trade; but his Forgetfulneſs made him neglect due Care of it; ſo that at parting with me, he left it behind him in the Window under my Handkerchief.——I found it unclasp'd, and caſually taking it up, out dropp'd a little Packet, the Superſcription, at firſt ſight, appearing to be a Woman's Hand, my Curioſity led me to open it, and wherein I found the following Letters.





LETTER I.

To the Incomparable *WILLIAM*.

I Am of late grown the uneasiest Wretch living, notwithstanding I have the Idea of you, and your consolatory Letter always before my Face.— What should occasion my Disquiets, I know not, without it be a slavish Fear (which we Women are too much subject to) that now and then insinuates a Thought, that your Heart may wander astray.— But why should I suspect you, after so many Proofs of your Fidelity, and such fresh Assurances, in your last Letter, that you will never abandon me? Forgive me this criminal Weakness, and I will strive, if possible, never to indulge the like Thoughts again.— You advise me to observe to keep Secret the Letters I receive from you.— I have done so hitherto, and will obey you in all things: — But what Necessity for such a Caution, to one who aims at no other Happiness than to reign Mistress of all your Secrets? But, for your Pains, take the same Advice yourself; and see that what I write, be kept as close as you are to my Heart.— I will observe to answer yours, for the future, as

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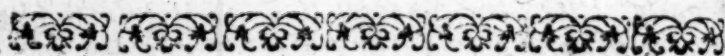
your

you have order'd; and what I send, I beg you
to receive it with the same Ardor as it comes
from the Soul of,

Your most passionate Admirer,

And ever Faithful

SUSAN.



LETTER II.

To WILLIAM, the Delight of my Soul.

MOST Lovely of all thy Sex, I received
the Letter you sent me by trusty Kit;
and it came at a Time when nothing else
could afford me any Comfort.—The thoughts
of neither seeing, nor hearing from you, be-
yond the expected Time, must needs be afflict-
ing enough, especially to one who studies no-
thing but the Welfare of her most accomplish'd
William.—You say, you will meet me at
the usual Place and Hour, to-morrow in the
Afternoon: I am a Believer in Love, and
acknowledge that Deity; so that I make
every thing you say, an Article of Faith.—
If you fail, I am eternally lost.—But why
should I distrust you, who has hitherto so pun-
ctually

of Gillian of Croydon.

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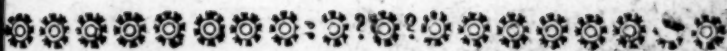
Actually oblig'd me? — 'Tis (I blush to own it) the extravagant Fondness of my Sex, that produces this: You are kind and tender enough to excuse it; and 'tis with Impatience that I wait the happy Hour when you will reproach me for it; and give me such Chidings as are due to my Incredulity. — Time will not permit me to write much more to you now! But be assur'd, (the Life of my Soul) that I will be very punctual to Time and Place, when nothing shall be wanting to make thee happy in the Conversation of,

Your perpetual Well-wisher,

And faithful Slave,

The Impatient

SUSAN.



Having read these Letters, and found by the Date of the latter, that an Interview was to be the Day after; and that a criminal Correspondence, ever since my first Discovery, had been kept a-foot, to the manifest Breach of all his most solemn Oaths and Promises, instead of flying out into a Rage, violent in the Cause, and destructive as the Author of it, I felt a violent Shock upon my Spirits, so

that my Knees were ready to sink under me — I had just time enough to put the Letters in my Pocket, and flung myself a-crofs the Bed, in a swooning Condition, when he return'd, and running to the Window, eagerly snatch'd up the Book, and slid it gently into his Pocket.

Supposing me to have fallen asleep, he made use of the Opportunity, and left me to myself, to make what Reflections I thought fit ; and so, I suppose, rode away, in order to perform the Promise he had made to his passionate *Susan*.

But to return. — My Spirits recovering a little, and tho' something secretly possess'd me, that my Heart would in a little time break under the Pressure his Perfidy loaded me with, yet I could not forbear sending out some Sighs in his behalf.

I was willing to reproach him with the utmost Severity, but could not bear the thoughts of trusting him in my Presence, at the same time, lest my treacherous Heart should have been betray'd into a forgiving Temper again. I, therefore, waiting a Day or two his return ; and perceiving, by some fresh Intelligence, that he had wholly abandon'd me, chiefly out of Shame, and conscious of his Guilt, when he found *Susan's* Letters missing, which he of course persuaded himself I had in my custody ; — I say, perceiving the false Man had left me, I writ him my last Adieu, in the severest Terms ;

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solemnly appealing to Heaven for Pity and Compassion to me in this respect.— And that I might have nothing by me, but his ungrateful Idea, to put me in remembrance of him, I, with this Letter, sent him those of *Susan's*.——So that ever since, our Correspondence is entirely broke off; and this, my trusty *Susan*, is the short History of my fatal Amour; under which I have ever since sensibly languish'd, and pined away, thro' the excessive Sorrows and Afflictions it has brought upon me.

Gillian had heard with Attention all that *Margaret* had said, in relation to so false a Man as *William*; so that when they came home, she daily endeavour'd to use all possible Means to wean her from thinking on him, and to restore her to her Health again:— But she labour'd in vain; — her Constitution was not so strong as *Gillian's*; — her Distemper had worse Symptoms, and was gone too far to have admitted a Cure.— Besides, there were daily Aggravations, which she could not but hear from one body or other: How that *Susan* being with Child by *William*, it was given out that they were lawful Man and Wife, having been privately married; with many false Reports and Stories, which Neighbours will raise one among another: So that faithful *Margaret's* Distemper increasing, it flung her into a Hectick

Fever, which, in a few Days, carried her out of this troublesome World.—

She had been heard to exclaim against him in her last Moments, and that her Ghost should haunt him after her decease: Whether she did so, or not, we will not say; tho' 'tis certain the perjur'd Wretch *William*, did not survive more than two Months after her, which persuaded most People into a Belief that her Ghost really haunted him in the following manner.



W
In
A

Wil.

William and Margaret.



I.

When all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

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II.

Her Face was like the *April* Morn,
 Clad in a wint'ry Cloud ;
 And Clay-cold was her Lilly-hand,
 That held the Sable Shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
 When Youth and Years are flown ;
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
 When Death has rest their Crown.

IV.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower,
 That sips the silver Dew ;
 The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
 And opening to the View :

V.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early Prime ;
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek :
 She dy'd before her Time.

VI.

Awake, she said, thy True-Love calls,
 Come from her Midnight Grave ;

Now

Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to save :

VII.

This is the mirk and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghosts complain ;
Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithless Swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath ;
And give me back my Maiden-Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

IX.

How could you say, my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake ?
How could you win my Virgin-Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break ?

X.

How could you promise Love to me,
And not that Promise keep ?
Why did you swear my Eyes were bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep ?

XI.

How could you say, my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

XII.

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Those Lips no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

XIII.

The happy Worm my Sister is,
This Winding-Sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
Till that last Morn appear.

XIV.

But, hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence,
A long and last Adieu:
Come see, false Man, how low she lyes,
That dy'd for love of you.

XV.

Now Birds did sing, and Morn did smile,
And shew her glist'ring Head;

Pale

of Gillian of Croydon.

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Pale *William* shook in ev'ry Part,
Then, rising, left his Bed :

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place,
Where *Margaret's* Body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green Grass Turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless Clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* Name,
And thrice he wept full fore :
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And Word spake never more.





CHAP. IV.

Gillian leaves her Mistress, and travels into Kent: Takes up her Abode with a rich Yeoman there. Negotiates a Marriage betwixt a young Couple; assists at the same. With the diverting Humours of the Wedding.

NO sooner had Gillian seen her young Mistress interr'd, but her fluctuating Mind, bent upon roving about, began to think of leaving her Mother.——She had been frugal enough to save a competent Sum to defray her Charges, and live handsomely,

somely, till she had an opportunity to fall into some Business suitable to her own Profession. And therefore, as her Mistress had been extreme civil to her, she could not leave her handsomely, without letting her into the Secret.

'Twas with some Concern and Reluctance, that the old Gentlewoman heard her Intentions ; but perceiving *Gillian* to be fix'd in her Mind, and that nothing she could offer was prevalent enough to restrain her, their Separation became the more easy ; and they parted after a loving and affectionate manner on both sides.

The Counties of *Surrey* and *Kent* join together ; so that *Gillian* had not many Miles to travel, before she came to a little Town not far from *Rocheſter* ; where, taking to an Inn, she fell into company with a wealthy Yeoman there, as the Mistress of the House and she were dining together. This Yeoman, after some diverting Conversation, being infinitely pleas'd with her gay Humour, and merry, instructive Discourse, (hearing her talk of Boarding in the Town) thought fit to give her an honest Invitation to his House, not far from thence.

Gillian considering 'twas more reputable to reside at a private House, than to have Lodgings in a publick Inn, made no scruple to accept of his Proffer) having first talk'd a little with her Landlady about it) and went readily with him to his Habitation.

He

He was a Widower, without Children ; and had not his Years been too far advanc'd, his Person was agreeable enough to have tempted her to accept him for a Husband, in case he should make any such Advances : But as he had nothing further in view, than the Agreeableness of her Conversation, they liv'd together some time, as if they had been related.

This Widower having experienc'd her Fidelity, committed to her Care the Management of his Family Affairs ; which she observ'd so punctually in his Absence, that himself, and every one that belong'd to him, was infinitely satisfied with it. — Among the rest that made up his Houshold, (which was pretty numerous) was a Nephew of his, who was deeply in Love with *Maria*, a Neighbour's Daughter ; and who was then, contrary to her Inclinations, upon the point of being married to another, one *Billow* by Name, a Sailor.

Now, it seems, this young Man observing that *Gillian* receiv'd the utmost Respect from his Uncle, that she bore a very great Sway in the House ; and that he had contracted an Intimacy with her, more than any of the Family, he made bold to open his Mind to her, and tell her the whole Affair ; begging, at the same time, her Advice and Assistance, in a Matter of so weighty an Importance, and which requir'd much Secrecy.

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of Gillian of Croydon. 63

Gillian, who was naturally Prone to assist every one with her good Offices, having heard his Complaint, exhorted him to take Courage, and be chearful, and leave the Management of all to her; which she said, she did not doubt but would prove successful as his Wishes.

Thus intrusted with this new Love-Intrigue, her first Business was to enquire after the Character of this Rival of his, *Billow*; and to fathom the depth of his Circumstances: And this she did with so much Caution and Privacy, that none was Mistress of the Secret but herself.

In this Discovery she had learn'd, that *Billow* had already a Wife and Children; That he was a Person of a debauch'd, profligate Life; and one who had nothing else in view, but to get *Maria's* small Fortune, spend it, and leave her ruin'd and undone.

To prevent all this, the next Step she took, was to find out *Billow's* Wife, and tell her the whole matter: — As knowing that to be the only Expedient which could break the whole Scheme, and set *Maria* at liberty again.

This was a hard Task; and it was with much Difficulty she did it. — So that coming to the Speech of *Billow's* poor afflicted Wife, and telling her the astonishing News, the poor Woman was ready to sink into the Earth at the thoughts of her Husband's Brutishness; and would have run that very moment

ment, like a Fury, to revenge herself of him, had not *Gillian* pacified her with assuring her that all should be well, if she would have patience but to follow her Instructions. — Then she proceeded to give her Directions, in what manner she should conduct herself, in this nice affair; and enjoin'd her to meet at a certain Place and Hour, when the Marriage-Knot was design'd to be ty'd, and where *Damon* should be with her in Disguise.

All things being concerted as *Gillian* would have them, she took *Damon* with her upon the Marriage-day; and, disguising his Face and Dress, away they went to meet the Company in their way to Church; upon which ensued the following Dialogue.

My faithful *Gillian*, (cry'd *Damon*, as they were going along) permit me, in that happy Minute I meet, to take my last Farewel of her; for, oh! my Heart mistrusts Success.— Or, rather, that my Soul will swell into such a Rage, as to oblige me to tear her from the Traytor's Arms! — Honour and Reason cries out Injustice at the separating a faithful Pair: My Life shall perish, if I lose my Aim. — Say, therefore, *Gillian*, shall I make the Attempt? —

By no means, *Damon*, (answer'd *Gillian*) the Method you propose is wrong and hazardous: — Besides, as *Maria* is sincerely attach'd to you, tho' forc'd to what she does at present,

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present, she will not countenance so dangerous an Enterprize, by which, in all likelihood your Lover will be entirely lost.—

Could you, (*said Damon*) experience the bitter Pangs, which true Love feels, in Hearts like ours; which Sigh and Wish alike, but all in vain, you'd even act the same; and *Gillian* would as *Damon* do.

No, *Damon*, (*reply'd Gillian*) I had once a Breast susceptible of Love, as yours, and could have dy'd for him that dy'd for me; but ne'er indulg'd the thoughts of Force.— But, hark! methinks I hear the Musick play.— Now let me conjure you to set all Passion aside; and let them see, that *Damon's* Breast is calm as a pacifick Sea: Or, if thou should'st say ought, speak as a Lover does, in Accents soft and tender.

If possible, I will: (*cry'd Damon then*) but see, she comes! the beautiful *Maria* comes! But, oh! she comes, to go for ever from the distracted *Damon*!

Forbear, (*cry'd Gillian*) and desist awhile.— Let's mix ourselves among the Crowd unknown, and see if she is any ways concern'd for thee.— Perhaps, like many Women, she may prove false and inconstant to their solemn Vows: If so, then *Damon's* Heart is at its own disposal again.—

No sooner had *Gillian* said this, but *Maria* was heard to fetch a deep Sigh, when she broke out into the following Exclamations.—

What

What means this Musick? — I have nought to do with any thing that's pleasant, this side the Grave. — Let this my Wedding-day yearly a fable Mantle wear; since I, in Duty to the She that bore me, suffer myself to fall a Sacrifice. — My o'ercharg'd Heart will break, unless it vents its Grief; — and where can I find some faithful Breast, that will my Sorrows share, since *Damon*, my lov'd *Damon*, now no more shall lull my Soul to rest. — Witness the many silent Groves, where he and I have exchanged Hearts together: — *Damon*! the lovely, charming, gay, and free: — *Damon*! the brave, the bold, the generous, and kind.

At these high Encomiums, *Billow*, her intended Husband, seem'd to be very much concern'd, and show'd his Resentments to her Mother, in the following homespun Language, peculiar to a down-right Tar.

It may be so as your Daughter says, (*cry'd he*) for ought I know; but, notwithstanding, I think myself as good Blood as he, if not better: — He may be handsome, but, 'faith, he has not the Appearance of a Man. — One Look of mine, which is greater than that of a Lord's, has frighted many a *Frenchman* at Sea into Fits, last War. — Nay, I have overheard the Women praise me, as I have walkt the Streets, for a handsome, clever-made Fellow;

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Fellow ; and, by *Neptune*, and all the Sea-Gods, one of more Courage never fail'd the Ocean.— I was twice at the taking of *Barcelona* ; and sail'd with Captain *Fumper*, when he landed at *Gibraltar*.— Three times was I blown up ; and never was in an Engagement, but came off with Victory.— I fought two Shirks once, upon the Banks of *Newfoundland*, and towed them a-shore, where, being dead, I made Oil of their Blubber.— Coming home, and at Anchor in the *Downs*, our Admiral coming then aboard, to show my Dexterity, and divert his Ambralship, I being then upon the Main-top-gallant-sail Yard-Arm, div'd Head forwards into the Sea, and swimming to the bottom, which was clear, sandy Ground, I found a Diamond Ring, which our chief Lieutenant had lost a Voyage before ; and then came safely on board on the Starboard-side, after having play'd near thirty Minutes under Water ; for which I was made Boatswain's Mate. Nay, I went out in a *Deal-Hooker* one Day, and with three more such jolly Boys as myself, we took a *St. Mala* Privateer, of twenty Guns, with Men answerable, and brought her into Port, where she was condemn'd a fair Prize.

Bless me ! (*cry'd Maria's Mother*) what an Angel of a Son am I like to have ? — I hope, *Maria*, (*said she, turning to her Daughter*) you will find in him, all the substantial Joys to be expected from so stout and vigorous a young Man ; who in all likelyhood will keep
up

up the Family with a Generation of Captains and —— Come, come, Daughter, cheer up, think no more of *Damon* ; but henceforwards learn to forget him.

Forget him ! (*reply'd Maria*) Sooner may the Ewes forget their tender Lambs, the Ocean drain itself dry, and the Mountains be cover'd with Water, if in my Memory ought should fail of him. —— That Angel, Mother, you suppose to have for a Son, will, in a little time, appear black as the midnight Darkness, and become a Devil: For, if this prophetick Heart of mine, does not deceive me, it points him out to be one of the most lying, bragging, and deceitful Men in the Universe.

Damon could now no longer conceal his Disguise, but, in spite of all the Persuasions *Gillian* could use, he ran to *Maria*, amidst the Crowd, and said, Once, more, my lovely Charmer, I am come to view the Beauties of thy heavenly Face, and, with a tender, melting Kiss, beg of *Maria*, a long and lasting Adieu.

Have you seen the Sun just break forth from a sable Cloud, and cheer the Earth with its resurgent Rays? Just such was the Alteration in *Maria*, to see and hear her *Damon* speak —— The inimitable Gaiety of her Countenance shot instantly out ; and all the enlivening Beauties of her native Charms, ap-

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appear'd, when she, the lovely She, in a Rapture answer'd thus:

It is your Right, and why should I withhold it from thee? — Besides, my lovely Youth, as yet I am not marry'd; and, I will, I will (*continued she*) confer, till then, whatever my Heart's inclin'd to give to the utmost of my Power, on the Man whom I adore. — And when my Body's forc'd into some rude and loath'd Embrace, my Soul shall still be with thee: Nay, were a Wall of Separation betwixt us, high as the *Alps*; or a Sea, wide as the Ocean, I'd struggle hard to climb the one, and venture to swim the other, if possible, to gain my Dear, and grasp him thus: —

With these Words, *Maria* flung herself into *Damon's* Arms, to the great Surprize of the Company, who had much ado to get them asunder; and it was with some Difficulty Matters were adjusted again, when *Billow*, who had heard and seen all that had pass'd, began to foam and roar like one in Distraction,

What?—(*cry'd he to Damon*) Surely some Demon of the Air has possess'd thy Soul, that you're so mad to run the risque of losing that worthless Life of thine, in making yourself so impudently free with my Bride; and this too, before my Face.

Be-

70 *The Pleasant History*

Before your Face (*reply'd Damon*). I durst attempt to do it.—My Soul abhors an Action ungenerous and base.—Had you, or any other, gain'd her by her own Consent, *Damon* had never been here : But base, and barbarous Wretch as thou art, like a Thief and Robber, you have stole her from herself and me ; and now make use of her Mother's Authority to force her Will.

Since first I learn'd to splice a Rope, (*answer'd Billow*) or box my Compass : to veer a Cable, or run aloft, and reeve a Sail, I never met that Fellow, who durst treat me in this manner ; therefore, before you and I part, I'll have Satisfaction, or ne'er shew my Head again.

That, with the Leave of this good Company, may soon be done : (*cry'd Damon*) But, who shall make me Recompence, for what I have lost ? for what you sneakingly and treacherously have stole, the lovely, charming Prize before us ?

This pond'rous Club shall do't ; (*reply'd Billow*) for I will not be talk'd to by such a Pimp, and Land-lubber ; whose Father is unknown, for any thing I know, and Mother a Whore.

Base, scoundrel, unmannerly Wretch, beneath the Resentments of a Man, (*answer'd Damon*) none but thy self would talk such vulgar, lying Language.—How pitiful and mean it is, to spue out thy Calumnies against my Parents, who, silent in their Graves, know

no

nothing now of thy brutish treating their virtuous Memories. — Once more I challenge thee to try thy Skill, and see on whose side Victory will cleave : Justice will ne'er forsake the Man whose Cause is right ; therefore I'm ready, so defend thy self. —

Here *Gillian*, fearing some Mischief would ensue, (having carried on the Intrigue a little too far) interpos'd ; and taking *Damon* aside, whisper'd in his Ear to desist, and told him withal, the Story of *Billow's* being married, what Plan she had laid ; and how that every moment she expected his Wife and two Children would appear. — In the mean time, (*said Gillian*) leave the whole Affair to me, and all shall be well, provided you keep your Temper, and seemingly be reconcil'd.

Damon's Soul leap'd within him, thro' Joy, at this secret Intelligence ; and suffer'd his Temper to come down to the Measures *Gillian* desir'd : So that with what good Offices she us'd with *Maria's* Mother, and the rest of the Company, it was unanimously agreed, that *Damon* and *Maria* should be allow'd half an Hour's time, without any obstruction, to take their final Leave of each other.

Damon and *Maria* separating themselves from the Company, they began their supposed last Farewel in the most moving and passionate manner ; so that all but *Billow* seem'd affected with it. — And thus it was.

Ah,

Ah, *Maria!* (cry'd he) the Life of my Love, and Soul of my Affections! the fatal Minute now draws on, which will, in all likelihood, rend this faithful Heart from thine.

—What have we done, that angry Heaven is thus severe? ——— If a base, treacherous Thought I once had ever form'd, to stain my Soul with, then would this cruel Sentence be justly inflicted upon me, and I with Patience bear it; but hitherto my Innocence is clear, and nought I know to be upbraided with.— Pure my Desires at first, faithful and sincere my Vows afterwards; and now, even now, constant and fix'd in my Resolutions.—Take with this Kiss, a lasting Pledge of all my Promises; and with it, a true Remembrance of all the Tenderneffes pass'd between us.

I do, my dearest *Damon*, (cry'd *Maria*, all dissolv'd in Tears) and with it, give in return, another, worthy of none but thee.— This throbbing Breast, and palpitating Heart of mine, can now no longer confine the Torments felt therein, to think that I for ever must be torn from thee.— Oh! cruel Destiny, and relentless Fate! — Could Wishes but prevail, rather than fall a Victim to the Wretch I hate, these Moments should terminate our Woes, and we expire together. Unnatural Mother! hard-hearted, and severe! Down by this purling Stream I willingly could sit, and swell its Streams above the Surface of the highest Hill, till drench'd in briny Tears, we

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And here she swooned away in the Arms of *Damon*, to the great Surprise of the Company, and much more *Gillian*, who ran immediately to her Relief, who, with her Mother, and the rest, had much ado to bring her to herself again. — But her Sorrows were just now at an end: The Moment drew near, when *Billow's* Wife appear'd, with her two Children; who no sooner set Eyes on the false Man, her Husband, but she justly treated him in this manner:

And have I found thee out at last, (*cry'd she, with Rage in her Looks*) thou perjured, false-hearted Wretch, and Rogue of the first Magnitude? — Thy careful, honest Wife, who long has sought thee, purely for the sake of these two harmless Babes of thine; at last was told the astonishing News of this thy intended Marriage, am now come hither to detect thy Villany, and stop the Ruin of a harmless Maid. — What Devil of Lust, or worse, has took possession of thee, thou barbarous Man, to leave a Wife and three Children? — Three I may say; for one I now feel struggling in my Womb, the more's my Sorrow. —

The Company, at this odd Scene, stood as if they were all astonish'd, not knowing what to think, or say, when she went on thus. —

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Yes,

—— Yes, to my Sorrow, may I wofully say it, by Experience, since these little ones on each side of me, when they were born into the World, had no such thing as a Father, to comfort their Mother in those perillous times of Child-birth, when Mothers and Infants can't have too many of their Relations and Friends about them.



Nay, when the time of Christ'ning came on, and he with much difficulty was found out, and perswaded to be present, he made himself so damnably drunk, that when his little Daughter was going to be nam'd, after my maiden Name, which is *Grizzel*, he reel'd

up

up to the Parson, and forbad it, swearing by G—— her Name should be *Meremaid*. —— Nor could the Company perswade him to the contrary, he was so boisterous: Nay, the Priest used all the learned Arguments he could rake up, to prove there was no such Creature as a *Mere-Maid*, and that the first knowledge of such a thing had its Rise from the Fictions of the heathen Poets, yet all would not do.

No such thing, no such thing, good Doctor, (*interrupted he*) for I have seen several my self.—— As for Instance.—— Making one day the *Peak of Tenerif*, by the help of a Glass, I discover'd one sitting under the *Peak*, upon a Rock, combing her Hair.—— Another time (*added he*) being in the Bay, between Cape Cod, and Cape Anne, off of *New-England*, in a large Canoo, the Weather being very calm, one arose out of the Sea, with her Hair hanging confusedly about her Shoulders, and laying her Hand upon the Gunnel of the Canoo, would have overfet us, had not an Indian then with me, readily snatch'd up a Hatchet, and chopp'd it off; she sinking down at the same time, when her Blood stain'd the Water all round us.—— And afterwards, (*added he*) we paddl'd up to *Boston*, where we made a Show of the Hand, and got a great deal of Money by it.——

And here he made such horrid Imprecations about the truth of it, that the People thought he would run mad; swearing, that

his Daughter was a *Meer-Maid*, and as such should she be named.

The Parson he oppos'd it, and declar'd the Parent had no business to name the Child to him ; but that 'twas the Office either of the God-father or God-mother, to resolve him that Question. Besides, *said he*, the Man is very much in Liquor, and knows not what he says: Get him to lye down a little, and compose himself to sleep for half an Hour, or so, when he will, doubtless, be of another mind: Or, that during his absence, if they thought fit, the nearest Relations might finish the Christening without him.

Well, this was agreed to, and I, weak in my Bed, begg'd of him with Tears in my Eyes to with-draw, and lye down a-little.—*So, damn-ye, says he*, if I do, the King shall know it: — What a Pox, can't a Man have the naming of his own Child? — With that he forc'd a Stride or two to'ards the Midwife, pretending to kiss the Infant, and overset a Sconce which hung before the Parson; one of the Candles whereof setting fire to the good Man's Wigg, my Rogue of a Husband here before us, was so impious as to snatch up the baptizing Basin of Water, and clap it fast on the Priest's Head: — So that what with the Smoke, Fire, and Water, he look'd more like a Devil than a Divine.— And here it was, that I was oblig'd to throw myself into Fire, to induce the Company to force him headlong into another Room, for my preservation.

'Tis true, good People, what I tell ye :— Six Years have I been a married Slave to that Wretch before me. — I have used my utmost endeavours to reclaim him ; overlook'd his Extravagancies, in hopes he would take up, and be careful of his Family ; and reduced myself to the lowest Ebb, to support my self and Children. — Nay, 'tis not long ago my Father dy'd, when I found a Bag of fifty Pounds, which he had privately reserv'd for me, when I, too fond and credulous Fool, suffer'd him to persuade me out of it ; which he had no sooner done, but he ran away with it ; giving out, that he was gone a Voyage to the *West-Indies*, when, it seems, he was found a few Weeks afterwards in *Rag-Fair*, with two bunting Whores, and nothing about him but Rags and Lice. — Is not this true Villain ? (*cry'd she.*) Disprove the least Tittle of it, if you can. —

Had you seen in what Posture the heaving *Billow* stood, at the sight of his Wife, and the just Reproaches which dropp'd from her, you must have form'd a perfect Idea of all that's frightful. — He stood like a Statue ; his Visage became pale and ghastly ; and his fault'ring Tongue had not one Word to utter in his own Defence : — When finding him speechless, she thus went on with her Complaints : —

You may well be dumb ; and Heaven grant that Tongue of yours may never be let loose again, to deceive any more of my Sex. — What ! it seems the Devil of Lust rides so rampant in you, that one Wife won't satisfy you, but you must have two, forsooth ; when, if you would but speak your Conscience, you know well enough, that I am a Woman sufficient enough for any Man ; but, like a wicked Rogue as you are, you love to ramble Abroad, and neglect Family Duty at Home.

At this the whole Company burst into a fit of Laughter ; so that what was a melancholy Scene before, became now the greatest Comedy in the World. *Damon* and *Maria*, with faithful *Gillian*, were transported with Joy, and shar'd equally the Mirth it afforded. *Maria's* Mother, finding herself grossly abus'd, by so vile an Impostor, join'd with *Billow's* Wife in her Reproaches ; and taking into Consideration, the Constancy of Affection between her Daughter and *Damon*, she was easily persuaded, by *Gillian*, and the rest, to make use of the present Opportunity, and join the faithful Couple together in Marriage, agreeable to their Wishes.

As for *Billow*, his Crime was so great, that the Country People, who, by this time, were assembled in great Numbers, would have tore him to pieces, had not some of the

the most moderate among them prevented it. Some cry'd out, Duck him ! Duck him ! Carry him to a Pond, and duck him. — Others said, Charge a Constable with him, that he may be sent to *Bridewell*, and afterwards prosecuted for a Cheat. — A third, (who, 'tis presum'd, knew something of Sea-Affairs) was for having him sent on board a Ship in *Chatham* River, and there Keel-haul'd. — As for the Women, they were for having him toss'd in a Blanket, and then gelt. — Which Sentence had like to have been comply'd with, had not an antient Dame strenuously oppos'd it: — For (*said she*) If we suffer the latter part of this Punishment, we may, perhaps, be guilty of Murder; since the Delinquent, 'tis a hundred to one, will dye under the Operation — But, set the Case he should survive, (*continued she*) we are guilty of Felony in robbing the good Wife of her due Benevolence: for, who knows, but this Detection of his Baseness, join'd with some more milder Punishment, may shame him into Repentance, and he become a New Man? And what will signify his Authority both at Bed and Board, if you rob him of those invaluable and precious Testimonials of his Manhood? His Wife will despise him, as useless, and in the Vigour of her Age, suffer some lusty Fellow or other, to follow the first Law of Nature, *Increase and Multiply* with her. — Therefore, no Gelding for me, I beseech ye. — Duck him, prosecute him, Keel-haul him,

tofs him in a Blanket ; or make a Devil on him, if you will, provided you don't make an *Eunuch* of him.—

Having ended what she had to say, the rest of her good-natur'd Gossips, weighing seriously what she had offer'd, gave all into her Opinion ; and the Question for Castration pass'd in the Negative.— And, upon the further Interposition of some more compassionate than the rest, in pity to the poor Wife and Children, they agreed to let him go like a Knave as he was ; having first made him solemnly promise, before the Parson of the Parish, he would become a good Husband and Father to his Wife and Children for the future.

This Scene being over, *Gillian*, with the Friends and Relations on both sides, follow'd the Bride and Bridegroom into Church, where the Parson united *Damon* and *Maria* together in the Bands of Matrimony.

The Marriage Rites being over, *Gillian* accompanied them home to their Mother's House, where a splendid Entertainment was provided for all the Neighbourhood ; and nothing was carried on for a Week together, but Universal Mirth.

The happy Effect of this Marriage shew'd itself in about nine Months, when *Maria* was brought to Bed of a Girl, beautiful as its Mother : At whose Labour *Gillian* officiated as Midwife ; as likewise at the Christning, where, among the rest of the Gossips,
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Gillian diverted the Company with several pleasant Stories and Songs, particularly the following ancient one, very suitable to the Occasion.



*Kind Roger's Delight : Or,
Juggy's Labour.*

I.

WHEN *Sol* had left his weary Teams,
And turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,
Ten Fathom deep in *Neptune's* Streams,
He *Thetis* lay embracing :
The Stars tript in the Firmament,
Like School-boys on a Play-day,
And Country Lasses a Mumming went,
Like Milk-maids on a *May-Day*.

II.

Then apace grew on the gray Morn,
When th'Herdsman's Flocks were lowing ;
And among the Poultry in the Barn,
The Plowman's Cocks were crowing :

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Whilst *Roger* did dream of golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a revel Rout, Sir;
And *Cicely* she tells him, he needs must rise,
For his *Fuggy* was crying out, Sir.

III.

Not half so merry the Cup went round,
At Tapping the good Ale Firkin.
When *Roger* his Hose and Shoes had found,
And button'd his Leather Jerkin;
Gray Mare was Saddled with wond'rous speed,
With Pillion, and Buttock'd aright, Sir,
And for an old Midwife away he rid,
To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

IV.

Oh now, good Mother, I pray get up,
The Fruit of my Labour's now come,
And it lyes struggling in *Fuggy's* Womb,
But cannot get out till you come.
I'll help her, quoth the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
Thy *Fug* shall do well again, Boy;
And never fear, I'll get the Kid out,
As well as thou gott'st it in, Boy.

V.

Gray Mare they mount, and away they ride,
No Whip, nor Spur is wanting:
As soon as the old Hag had enter'd the Room,
Then, Hoop! cry'd out the Bantling:

A Female Chit, so small it was born,
You might put it into a Flaggon;
And it must be Christen'd that very Morn,
For fear it should dye a *Pagan*.

VI.

Then *Robin* and *Doil*, with constant *Kate*,
Were Gossips at this great Christ'ning;
And the good Wives did merrily prate,
Whilst *Fuggy* in Bed lay list'ning:
They talk'd of this, and they talk'd of that,
Of Chatting thy were not sparing;
Some said it was so small a Brat,
'Twas hardly worth the rearing.

VII.

Then *Roger* he strutted about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Conde*;
What if her Parts they be but small,
They will be bigger one Day:
What if her Legs and Thighs lye close,
As close as any Spider;
You need not fear e're Seventeen Years,
She'll lig them a little wider:

VIII.

For then she'll be a Woman grown,
I'll lay five Pounds in Money,
And have a little one of her own,
As well as *Fug* my Honey.

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Oh! these will be joyful Days to see,
I'll study for to advance her;
That *Fuggy* may a Grand-mother be,
Then I shall be a Grandfire.

IX.

Then nappy Ale went fairly round,
as Brown as any Berry;
With which the good Wives being crown'd,
They all were brisk and merry:
Whilst *Roger* he turn'd Cups over his Thumb,
To ev'ry honest Neighbour;
Saying, A Twelve-month hence pray come,
Once more, to my *Fuggy's* Labour,



The Company were extremely pleas'd with this Song, not only for the Humour of it, but its Antiquity and native Innocence: Besides, she that sung it, had an Air so pleasing and agreeable, that every one laugh'd heartily at it: — When one of the Gossips cry'd out, merrily; *But why so much upon the good Woman in the Straw? Come, give us the Song made upon you know who, and you know where.* — With all my Heart, (cry'd Gillian, interrupting her) I know what Song you mean. 'Twas made upon my own Aunt at *Croydon*; and since you are desirous of it, I'll sing it with all the Mirth and Freedom I can.

The



*The Merry Country Lasses :
Or, Gillian of Croydon.*

I.

ONE Holiday, last Summer,
From four to seven, by *Croydon* Chimes,
Three Lasses, toping Rummors,
Were set a prating of the Times;
A Wife, call'd *Joan* of the Mill,
A Maid, they call'd, bonny *Brown Nell*;
A Widow, mine Hostess, *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*,
jolly *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Take off your Glafs, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
A Health to our Master *Will*.

II.

Ah! *Joan*, cry'd the Maiden,
This *Peace* will bring in mill'd Money store,
We now shan't miss of Trading,
And Sweet-hearts will come on thick, ye W—.
No

No more will they fight and kill,
 But with us good Liquor will swill :
 These will be rare Times, cry'd *Gillian* of
Croydon, Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, young
Gillian, jolly Gillian of Croydon,
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon,*
 A Health to our Master *Will*.

III.

We've now right Understanding,
Hans Dick and *Monfieur* shake Hands i'th'
 Dragoons we are disbanding ; (Street,
 Adzooks, then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets :
 For a *Red-coat* you know, that has Will,
 Can plunder and pilfer with Skill.
 I'll look to my Smocks, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon,*
Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, brisk Gillian,
merry Gillian of Croydon,
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon,*
 A Health to our Master *Will*.

IV.

Nell fate with her Ams a *Kembo,*
 Cry'd, News from Sea not so well does come,
 For want of a Captain *Bembow,*
 The Chink and *Ponti,* are safe got home :
 Tho' he could not help that Ill,
 The Fault lies in some-body still :
 Would that Rogue were hang'd, cry'd *Gillian*
of Croydon, Gillian of Croydon, Gillian,
brisk Gillian, loyal Gillian of Croydon,
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of Gillian of Croydon. 87

Take off your Glas, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon,*
A Health to our Master *Will.*

V.

Strange Lords will now come over,
And all our Bells shall ring for Joy ;

The *Czar of Muscovy*

Who is, they say, near ten Foot high.

I'll see him, what e'er tides the Mill.

Would our Lads were like him, says Nell ;

Great pity they a'n't, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon,*

Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, young Gillian,

brisk Gillian of Croydon ;

Take off your Glas, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon,*

A Health to our Master *Will.*

VI.

Strange News the *Jacks* of the City,
Have got, said *Joan*, but we mind not Sales ;

That our Queen, thro' wonderful Pity,

Will give her Crown to the Prince of *W—*

That Peace may the stronger be still,

And that they may no longer rebel :

Pish, pish, 'tis a Jest, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon,*

Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, bold Gillian,

witty Gillian of Croydon ;

Take off your Glas, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon.*

A Health to our Master *Will.*

VII.

VII.

So long top'd these Lasses,
Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round;
Strong Wine, and thumping Glasses,
Had their Hearts and Senses drown'd.

Then Home to her Grannum reel'd *Nell*;
And *Joan* no more Brimmers cou'd fill;
And off from her Chair dropt *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, plump
Gillian, tipsy *Gillian* of *Croydon*.
Here's the last Drop, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
A Bumper to Master *Will*.



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CHAP. V.

*Gillian resolves to leave off rambling; be-
thinks herself of Marriage. She admits
of a Malster's Addresses; and a Match
is agreed upon between them. They are
married together, and live very comfort ably.
He falls sick, and dies.*

THE happy Advantages which accru'd to
the young Couple by their Marriage, was
so taking with *Gillian*, that she began now
to entertain some thoughts of changing her
Condition. — She seriously weigh'd Matters,
and comparing a settled Life, with that of a

roving Disposition, found the former to be more lasting and honourable.— And as she had run thro' several Scenes of Life, and hitherto preserv'd her Vertue, and Reputation, she saw nothing more conducive to their Preservation, than a Married State, could she meet with a Man suitable to her Inclinations. Not that she had any nice Humour to gratify herself in, with respect to the outward Accomplishments, or Features of the Person; but all that she aim'd at, was the inward Qualifications of the Mind which she look'd upon as the greatest Beauty and Blessing a Woman could wish for.

Fix'd in this Resolution, it was not long before an Opportunity offer'd itself.—— A neighbouring Malster came one Day to visit the Yeoman she liv'd with, who never had seen this *Gillian* before. He had, indeed, heard much of her Fame, which had sufficiently spread itself about the Country; not undeservedly, to speak the truth; for she was of so sweet and agreeable a Temper; so ready to be useful both to Rich and Poor, that there was scarce any but what spoke in her Praise.—— What few that shew'd their Remissness this way, had no other Foundation to build upon, than Envy and Spleen: — And, where is the happy One which meets with no such Enemies in this Life?——

But to return. This Malster, having spent some Time in her Conversation, was so well pleas'd

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pleas'd with its being altogether free and affable, that it struck into his Mind, he wanted nothing farther to compleat his Happiness in this World, than the taking to Bed, as his Wife, a Woman of such admirable Conduct and Parts; he having Wealth enough to maintain her suitable to one of his Quality: so that he knew there could be no Objection rais'd upon that head.

On the other hand, *Gillian*, tho' far from being covetous, was willing the Person that should be her Lot, might have enough to carry on his Vocation, with the assistance of her good Houfwifry and Management.

Well, this new Suitor of *Gillian's*, in a Day or two makes a second Visit; and, that he might no ways be deceiv'd, takes the opportunity of talking to his Friend in the Garden about her, and tells him his whole Design. — The Yeoman, in return, gave him what Satisfaction he could desire, in describing her to be a Person endow'd with all the Qualifications necessary to compleat a vertuous and prudent Wife. — Withal assuring him, that were he not too far advanc'd in Years himself, if his Possessions were ten times larger than they were, he should think it the best Action of his Life, to bestow himself and them upon her. — That, in respect to his Age, he had declin'd all thoughts of Marriage; but, as he was his entire Friend, he knew of no Person he could recommend better

ter, to be a Wife for him, provided he could gain so much Interest in her, as to make her believe, that he would prove as good a Husband : — For) (*concluded he*) she is a Woman of vast Penetration.

With this Encouragement, the Malster resolv'd, before he left the House, to declare his Intentions openly to her. And meeting with a proper Opportunity, when they were sitting together, after a few side Expressions, he came downright to the matter in hand ; told her all his honest Intentions ; and begg'd of her to weigh well what he had said, and consider of an Answer against he came the next Day. — And so with an agreeable Air and Behaviour, took leave of her and his Friend for that Night.

That very Evening *Gillian* discloses to the Yeoman, all that her new Lover, the Malster, had declared to her ; and begg'd of him, that he would act so much the fatherly Part by her, as to tell her sincerely his Sentiments concerning the Person that thus courted her for a Wife : And likewise, give her what Advice he thought best in relation to her Conduct in this Affair.

She needed not to importune him much : The Yeoman had too great a Respect for her, to see her thrown away. — He, therefore, in short, enjoin'd her to give him her Consent ; and to let him know what he had to trust to, in case he should be so inquisitive as to ask
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after what she had, which he believ'd he would not:— For he is, *concluded he*, a deserving, honest Man; whose Years are suitable to yours; and one who has Wealth sufficient to render both your Lives happy.

She return'd him thanks for this his Advice, and said, it should be observ'd as he desired.

The next Day came, and with it our amorous Master, impatient what Answer he should have.—But *Gillian*, who knew with Discretion, how to reply, when ask'd, staid 'till he made the first Motion, as became her Sex.

They had not sat above a Minute or two, when he began his Courtship thus:—

And have you, Madam, *said he*, consider'd of what I propos'd to you Yesterday? — Have you determin'd in your Breast whether I shall be happy, or no?

Yes, Sir, *replied she*, I have.— And tho' 'tis not consistent altogether with the Rules prescribed to our Sex, to determine in so short a Time, a Matter of the greatest Importance, yet I have ventur'd to do it: So that if there be any thing in my Person which may conduce to your Happiness, I am ready to obey your Commands, provided they keep within the Verge of Honour and Vertue.

I have no other Views, *return'd he*, and I shall always esteem it an Honour to be so near your Person, as to indulge and protect that
Virtue

Virtue which your Heart is mistress of; and which united to one so faithful as mine, will live and expire happy in mutual Love and Affection.

Were I not to hope such Repository, *answer'd* Gillian, Matrimony would be far out of my Thoughts: And 'twould be no less than Self-murder in me, to precipitate myself upon that Rock on which I know I must unavoidably split.—The Sin and Danger is equal on your side, Sir, *added she*, therefore it behoves us both to look narrowly into our own Hearts, and see if there be Fidelity enough in 'em to carry us thro' the different Scenes of Life.

I have done so, *said he*, before I came hither, and that in the most solemn manner the Nature of the Thing requires, and find a large Stock of sincere Affection, which, if nourish'd in your Breast, will, no doubt, keep us the remainder of our Lives, in a State of Tranquillity; when, guarded against the Caprice of Fortune, and Insults of Envy, no Discord nor Difference shall be found within our Walls, to disturb us.—The despairing Visage of Jealousy shall not show itself in our Bed-Chambers, and haunt us into Frenzy and Madness; nor icy Looks of cold Indifference, freeze our Hearts into a State of Insensibility.

Nor the Revolution of Time, (*cry'd* Gillian) which eats with its Iron Teeth, all the exterior Beauties and Charms of our Youth, diminish the intellectual Graces of our Souls, which

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which can only crown and compleat the Joys of conjugal Love.

True, lovely *Gillian*; (*answer'd he*) and there remains now no more, to see ourselves entering into this blissful Life, but that you give me your Hand, as a Pledge that your Heart is truly willing you should become my Wife.

Then there it is, (*said she, stretching out her snowy Arm*) and let Heaven be Witness for us both.

And here their Discourse broke off.— So short a Courtship is not very often heard of: And these Expressions being within the hearing of the Yeoman, who was then in his Closet just by, they drew him forth.—

You are much in the right of it, *cry'd he*. No *Smithfield* Bargains, I beseech ye.— Happy be ye both together, uniting their Hands again. Let the Day of Marriage be fix'd, when I will give away the faithful *Gillian* as my Daughter; and for that innate Goodness, and prudent Management she hath shewn to me and my Family, I will settle upon her, separate to herself, a sufficient Annuity for her Subsistence, during her Life, in case this World should happen to be deceitful, and frown upon her.

Matters being all agreed upon, the Day of Marriage was assign'd; when the Yeoman was as good as his Word; the Master happy in his

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his agreeable Bride ; and She in the Embraces of a Man who afterwads proved a tender and loving Husband.

This Marriage, tho' in a manner private to the World, was not without some magnificent Entertainment for such Neighbours of Distinction, who were invited. Among the rest of the Company, was a merry Gentleman, who when the new married Pair were preparing to go to Bed, address'd himself thus to them, with *Ben. Johnson's* Advice :

To the Bridegroom.

*Then look, before you yield to Slumber,
That your Delights are drawn past Number
Joys got with Strife, increase ;
Affect no sleepy Peace ;
But keep the Bride's fair Eyes
Awake with her own Cryes ;
Which are but maiden Fears,
And Kisses dry such Tears.
'Tis Cupid calls to Arm,
And this his last Alarm.*

To the Bride.

*Shrink not, soft Virgin, you will love
Anon, what you now fear to prove :
This is no killing War,
To which you pressed are ;
But fair and gentle Strife,
Which Lovers call their Life.
'Tis Cupid calls to Arm,
And this his last Alarm.*

And

of Gillian of Croydon. 97

And here the Company took their Leave of the Bride and Bridegroom, and left them to finish those Joys which are the End of Matrimony.

Thus married, they prov'd a happy Couple indeed; and long they liv'd so, till *Gillian* had run thro' all the Offices of Child-bearing, when a lingring Sickness, her Spouse had contracted by a sudden Cold, brought him to the last Moments of his Life, after they had liv'd together fifteen Years, and odd Months, to the unspeakable Grief of his disconsolate Widow, and her two Children.





C H A P. VI.

Gillian being left a Widow, is visited by some of the best Quality in the County. She contracts Acquaintance with the Lady M——n. An odd Accident happens in that Lady's Family. She is let into the Secret; from whence she learns the surprizing History of one of the Daughters.

TIS a difficult Task to express the Sorrow and Grief which seiz'd the Spirits of *Gillian*, upon the Death of her Spouse: She took to her Chamber, where with her two beautiful Children, she mourn'd without Dissimulation.— Oft would she seat them on her feeble Knees, and viewing in their Faces vast Ideas of their Father's Image, as oft would she deluge them in Tears, and, in a manner, stifle them with Kisses. Whilst they, as yet unsensible of the Cause of Grief, but mov'd to see their Mother's Tears, would in their prattling Talk, beg hard to make her wipe her Eyes, and grieve no more.

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Had she been left a Widow, indigent, and in want, perhaps, there would have been a mixture in her Grief.——The distrustful Thoughts of seeing herself and Children reduced to Beggary, might have presided, and drain'd the Fountains of her Eyes; but she was left rich, and had enough, besides her Annuity, and the separate Fortunes of her Children, to live like a Gentlewoman the remainder of her Life.——

So that, as we have already said, her Grief was real, and without Hypocrisy; for the Delight of her Soul, and the Life of her Love was now taken from her.

The News of her excessive Sorrow, soon reach'd the Ears of all that knew her; and every one strove which should be the most ready to use their Endeavours to console her. Divers Persons of Distinction resorted to her; among the rest, the Lady *Lucy M——n*; a Widow, left with several Children.

This Lady had run thro' as vast a Scene of Sorrow, and had met with Trials severe enough to have depress'd any one but a Soul like hers: So that she who knew how to calm a Sea of Trouble in her own Breast, was the only proper Person to do the like in *Gillian's*.

The first Step, in order to effect this, was to give *Gillian* an Invitation to her Country-Seat, some few Miles off, and which was reckon'd to be one of the most agreeable in all that County.——Paying her, therefore, a Visit one Day, she remonstrated to her, how

criminal excessive Sorrow was; the Vanity and Unfruitfulness of it; the evil Consequences that attended it, in relation to the Health of herself and Children: Instanced in her own Troubles, to enforce what she had said; and concluded with setting before her, the various Prospects of doing well, and making the rest of her Life easy, as Heaven and Nature enjoin'd her.

And this Discourse was urg'd with so much Pungency and Eloquence, that *Gillian* was prevail'd upon at last to abate her Sorrows, and resign herself with Patience to the Disposition of Providence.—— She return'd her Ladiship Thanks for the great Concern she express'd for her Welfare; and accepted of the Invitation to her Country Seat; but desir'd that it might be deferr'd for a Day or two, that she might have time to order the proper Management of her domestick Affairs.

Her Ladiship readily consented to this; and being resolv'd to make sure of her, took up her Residence with the Widow, till she had settled her Affairs, and the Government of the Family.—— 'Twas impossible for her to be torn from her Children; with them she would have in view the Image of their Father; and tho' she was labouring not to destroy herself with Grief for him, she could not bear the thoughts of leaving them behind her, in a manner Fatherless and Motherless.—— She communicated her Intentions, therefore, to her Ladiship, of taking
her

her Children with her, who readily consented, and was well pleased with it.

The time of departure being come, they all stept into the Coach ; and away they drove ; so that within a few Hours they arrived at their Journey's end.

The Lady *M——n*, having now gotten her belov'd Companion with her, omitted nothing to divert her Melancholly.—— She order'd all her Domesticks to pay her the same Respect as herself ; and made the most splendid Entertainments her House could afford.— So that *Gillian's* Temper being restor'd to a moderate degree of Chearfulness, she disposed herself to go now and then abroad a visiting with her Ladiship ; but more often would she delight to walk with her in the Gardens, which were so pleasantly situated, that they were the most agreeable in the World ; for they not only presented to the Eye, the Prospect of a fine Country all round, but from the Terras-walk you might see all down *Charbain* River, and at once discover a Fleet of Ships at Sea, and another at Anchor.

One day, as the Lady *M——* and she, were delighting themselves with this Prospect, they took a private Walk, which led down to a thick Wood, in the midst of which stood a Stone Building, about 12 Foot high, built much after the manner of the *Moschs* in *Turkey*. A Stone Gallery winded round it, till it brought you to the top, where there was only two Seats ; and which afforded no

other Prospect than the Tops of the Trees, and the Heavens above them.

Having brought me to this odd Building, she led the way up, and desir'd me to follow her. When we had gain'd the Summit, she took one Seat, and plac'd me in the other; and having complimented me upon the loneliness of the Amusement, she began to entertain me in the following manner :

My dearest *Gillian*, (*said she*) your Surprise at this melancholly Place is not much to be wonder'd at; but that Surprise will soon abate, when I ~~come~~ to unfold the Mystery of it.—Could I not believe you a faithful Confidante, and one who can keep a Secret, I should not have ventur'd thus far.—Say, therefore, if what I am going to relate, shall be retain'd as such in your Breast, or not?

To which *Gillian* reply'd, — I have so much Confidence in your Ladiship's Honour, that I presume, Madam, it will not suffer me to be Mistress of any thing to my prejudice. I have largely experienc'd your Goodness, and therefore am absolutely at your disposal.

Know, then, (*said the Lady M—n*) that this Place is the receptacle of a young Lady, whose Circumstances have deservedly brought her to so close a Confinement.—She is a near Relation of mine, and one, who being unaccountably deceiv'd, and ensnar'd, under a fatal Mistake on both sides, is now with Child by her own Brother, and draws near her Time.

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The Father of it, knowing his Crime, we have already sent to Travel, till Time in some degree, effaces the Memory of it, and wipes out its Stain. — The Mother, as soon as deliver'd, is to be sent to a Nunnery abroad, there to spend the remainder of her Days. — She is my own Sister's Daughter, and our Family still retaining the ancient Doctrines of the Church of *Rome*, having advis'd with an eminent Priest about it, he has confess'd her, and thought fit to assign her the Penance she is under. — The Time draws near, when I shall have occasion for your Assistance, in the nature of a Midwife ; whose Office I persuade myself you understand so well, that there is none I know more fitter for the Trust. — Besides, I know not in whom to confide, but yourself ; and therefore I ask this Favour of you, in respect to the miserable Wretch underneath. —

Gillian had listen'd with Attention to all she said ; and pausing a little at so tragical a Relation, reply'd to her Ladiship thus :

The Subject is very melancholy and moving, Madam, (*said she*) and the more, since the Affinity of Relations is so near. — It would be the highest Ingratitude in me, to deny your Ladiship this Request, and therefore will hold myself in a readiness to perform that Office when occasion requires it.

But before we go hence, *resum'd her Ladiship*, you shall have the sight of her ; for I expect every Minute my Woman, who is let

into the Secret, and has the care of her.—We visit her once every Day, and twice a Week she has the Refreshment this Terrass affords. None of the Family knows any thing of the Affair; nor is it in any of their Power, if they durst attempt it, to come within the Gate which opens a way down to this Place.

These Words were no sooner spoke, but she saw her Woman approaching.—Come, let's go down, (*cry'd her Ladiship to Gillian*) for there she is below waiting our coming.—I have already inform'd her of you, and that she is to be subservient to you; so take no farther notice.—

Gillian had not time to answer her, but making her Ladiship a Courtesy out of Compliance, follow'd her down.

The Door being open'd, they all three went in, when *Gillian* beheld one of the most moving Spectacles in the World.—She saw a Lady lying at length upon a Couch, supporting her declining Head with one Arm.—Her visage pale, tho' very young, with Eyes fix'd on a Crucifix, which was supported by a Death's-Head, on a Table; over which hung a Lamp, which kept constantly burning—Some Tears might be observ'd to lodge upon the Promontories of her Cheeks, which resembled rather Pearls than Drops of Contrition.—One hand held a Book, in which was contain'd her *Matins, Vespers*, and other Devotions assign'd her by a Priest. — Her Hair hung in Curls loose about her beautiful

tiful Neck ; and she had over a Lawn Shift, a crimson Damask Gown, which lay loose and irregular about her.—

In this posture it was, when the Lady M——n approach'd her, and bid her arise : which she no sooner did, but—Here, (*said the Lady to her, pointing to Gillian*) is a motherly Gentlewoman, of my intimate Acquaintance, who will not only do the Office of a skilful Midwife for you, but be your Companion oftner than your Circumstances (Crimes I should say) deserve.

She made no reply, but bowing her Head, was going to put herself in the same Posture as before, when she prevented her, by saying, No: certainly your Memory fails you ; this is one of those Days assign'd you for the benefit of the Air, and I would have you improve it.

The Lady's Woman then taking her under the Arm, led her gently out, and so up the Gallery into the Terrass, whilst *Gillian* was hurried away with her Ladiship, back to her Seat, as having outstaid her usual time, and knowing that her Dinner staid for her.

They were no sooner entred, but they seated themselves at Table, and dined without any suspicion : But when Dinner was ended, her Ladiship retired with *Gillian* to her Chamber ; and there making her sit down, —Here, my faithful Friend, *said she*, take this Key, it belongs to the Door where we were before Dinner ; my Woman has another ; so that I

give it you for the Conveniency of going as often to my unfortunate Neice, as her Condition and your Inclination calls for.— I have already told you, that my Woman is wholly at your command ; see therefore, I pray you, that there is nothing wanting against the Hour of Travail.—

Gillian received the Key with a great deal of pleasure ; it being what she had secretly desired, as having entertain'd some tender Thoughts for this young Lady, and was resolv'd to make use of all the Opportunities she could, to do her Service.— She therefore return'd her Ladiship Thanks for conferring so great a Trust upon her, and assur'd her, that nothing should be wanting in obedience to her Orders.

This was no sooner said, but one of her Ladiship's Maids enter'd the Room, and acquainted her, that several neighbouring Ladies were come to pay her a Visit. Upon this, what they had further to say, ended for that time, and they both went down together, and received the Visit of the New-comers with equal Satisfaction.— The result of this was, an Invitation from one of them to the Lady *M—n*, to do her the honour of passing away two or three Days with her at her Seat, pursuant to a former Promise.— To this Visit *Gillian* also was invited ; but she had Excuses enough to wave the Invitation, besides the Charge she having lately taken upon her ; and therefore did it handsomely, in respect to the

the Welfare of her two Children, one of which being at that time indisposed, as she made them believe.

This Turn of Thought pass'd off very currently; and her Ladiship was infinitely satisfied with it; and made herself ready to go the Journey. — This was soon done, when *Gillian* waited upon them to the Coach-door, when in they stepp'd, and drove away.

Now had *Gillian* the only Opportunity she wish'd for; to improve it, she waited the return of the Servant, whom she enjoin'd not to go any more to her, till farther Order. — And that she might not be interrupted, early the next Morning she set her about some Business which took up best part of the Day.

Things thus concerted, away went *Gillian* privately to the Place design'd, and opening the Door gently, found the young Lady fast asleep. — And as her Rest was broken, and seldom of any long continuance, she soon awoke; but a little surpriz'd to see a Person standing before her; whose coming she knew nothing of. —

Compose yourself, Madam (*said Gillian*) I come not hither to add fresh Grief to your Sorrows. — I am authorized to visit you, by your Aunt; but led more by my own Inclinations to comfort you, I come to wish you a Good-morrow, and ask after your welfare.

I am infinitely oblig'd to you, *said the other, looking wistfully at Gillian* if that be really your Design; but if it be only to *fit me*

me for the Diversion of others, you will not find your Account in it; for I have had too much of that already.

I am ignorant (*answer'd Gillian*) of those who have ill-treated you, and made such use of your Misfortunes.— You will have a better Opinion of me, when I tell you that I have nothing more at heart, than your Welfare; that you will find myself your best Friend, when I make you sensible that I can remain Mistress of a Secret, and be able to do you Service.

And are you real? (*return'd she*)— May I still hope for some mitigation of my Woes? And here she fix'd her Eyes upon *Gillian*, as if she would have pierc'd her through.

For that End (*said Gillian*) am I come hither; for that End did I refuse an Invitation to go with your Aunt to my Lady G——r's for three Days; nay, for that End have I order'd the Woman which attends you, upon some other Affairs, so as not to interrupt us. Such care have I taken to make it appear I am not about drawing you into a Snare.

You revive me much; (*cry'd the afflicted Lady*) you are about to do an acceptable Service to Heaven, as well as a generous, and timely one to me; and which, I hope, will give me an Opportunity, one time or other, gratefully to acknowledge it.

It will be Satisfaction enough for me (*answer'd Gillian*) to find that my Endeavours will prove successful.— To begin the Experiment,

riment, lies at your door.— I cannot unfold the secret Intentions of your Heart.— You must let me into the Mysteries thereof, before I can judge rightly of your State ; or be capable of giving you any satisfactory Advice in the matter.

You say right, (*reply'd the other*) my Breast is full of what I have to say to you.— But, oh ! I find myself too weak.— And here she declin'd her Head on *Gillian's* Arm, and had fainted away, were it not for *Gillian's* timely Precautions.

She found she was too weak to go through the History of her Life that day, and so deferr'd it while the Morrow ; and in order thereto kept her Company most part of the time, cherishing her with those generous Restoratives as were most necessary thereto.

Having parted for that Evening, and the long-expected Hour come in the Morning, *Gillian* left Orders with the Woman to stay till she return'd, and so went according to her Promise, when the young Lady going up with her upon the Terras, they seated themselves, and thus began the History of her Life.





*The melancholy History of the
young Lady Alicia P----t.*

I Am now about Nineteen Years of Age ; too young to become a Mother, as you see I am like to be, but of that more hereafter.— I will begin to tell you where I was born ; and so render what I have to say, to the best of my Remembrance, a perfect Narrative of my Life hitherto.

I was born in that Year Queen *Mary* died ; having a Brother three Years older than my self in *France* ; my Mother having lain in with him at *St. Germain*, and lest him behind her to be brought up by a very near Relation of ours, and a very strict Catholick according to the *See of Rome* ; which is the Religion of our Family, and in which I have been educated : Not that I believe essential the many Fopperies, and foolish Superstitions which have scandalously crept into the Church, and which is with so much blind Zeal and

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Ignorance blended in their Devotion abroad.— Nor do I meet with one *English* Catholick in ten, but what join with me in this Opinion.— The reason why I beg Pardon for this Digression, is, because the addition to my Misfortunes is owing to a Supposition that I have embrac'd the *Reformed Religion*.— But to return.

It was not far from St. *James's*, that I was born in the Year aforesaid; and being the first Daughter my Mother had, a more than ordinary Care was taken of me. As I grew up, all the necessary Tuition my Course of Years was capable of, was liberally bestow'd upon me. I have attain'd a large Share in the *Latine* and *Italian* Languages; and am compleat Mistress of that of the *French*.

With these Qualifications, besides those growing Charms, the *Belle-monde* was pleas'd to compliment, (or rather flatter) me with, I set out in my Teens, attended with a crowd of artificial Embellishments and Decorations, such as Singing, Dancing, playing upon the Lute, Spinnet, and other musical Instruments peculiar to our Sex.

Thus every way qualified, my Parents, it seems, was not a little proud of me, which, with submission, I must dare say, is but a criminal Fondness in most Parents, at the best. They took me to all the Opera's, Plays, Concerts, and finest Performances; where I us'd to shine among the most splendid and celebrated Beauties of our Sex.— So that be-

sides

sides those blooming Beauties of Youth and Innocence, which sport themselves around the admiring Crowd, there wanted not the Lustre of the most costly Jewels and Pearls they could get and bestow upon me. —

And now my Years began to increase, as my less thoughtful Age pass'd off, which as yet was pleas'd with nothing but Gaiety and Dress. — Till I say, attaining to the Age of I began to look with different Views upon the World, and form distant Ideas of being born to something more agreeable, than to gaze and be gaz'd at.

And, notwithstanding all the Efforts I us'd, to stifle these warm Embers, Nature would not assist me in it, but rather increas'd the Heat, till it burst forth into a Flame, the Consequences of which I shall tell you by and by.

You must know, that as yet I had never seen my Brother; who being now in the eighteenth Year of his Age, had finish'd the Studies he was design'd to run thro', and is a compleat young Gentleman. Our Parents being willing he should shine among the *English* Quality, writ for him over, soon after King *William* made his Entry through the City with Peace.

With my Brother came also a Young *French* Nobleman, one much of the same Age with himself; and who had been Educated with him by the same Masters in the several Sci-

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ences and Literature. — They had also travell'd together into several Parts of *France*, and were now come to take a *Tour* in *England*. — If living, he is the most accomplish'd of all his Sex, and is the Father of what is now struggling within me. — But of this more anon. And here she could not forbear bursting out into a Flood of Tears.

Gillian had heard her hitherto with a real Sympathy, and began to Scent out some barbarous Usage this young Lady had gone through ; and therefore she comforted her as much as in her lay, with all the Promises and Prospects of seeing her releas'd out of all her Troubles ; when Grief having given itself vent a little, she dry'd up her Eyes, and went on thus :

This young Nobleman, who from henceforth I desire may be known by the Name of Monsieur *De Bon Esprit*, so nearly resembled my Brother in his Features, Stature, Shape, and Make, that he must have a very penetrating Eye to distinguish one from the other, without their Dress was different.

My Father receiv'd him with all the Tenderness and Respect imaginable ; as likewise my Mother ; and, I blush to say it, so did my own Heart ; for his Eyes were so invincibly fix'd on mine, at our first Interview, that I found nothing more difficult, than to disengage them at that time.

My

My Cousin *Mariana*, resided at our House at the same time, and was then in an Alcove alone in the Garden, when the Stranger arriv'd: She having notice of it, soon made her Appearance, with her usual Gaiety. I no sooner saw her, but something shock'd my Spirits, and I dreaded the Consequence.— The usual Compliments being over, and she being inform'd which of the two was her new Relation, I presently saw the first beginning of my Miseries.

It was a hard Task for me to observe all our Motions; my Eyes would rove strangely about: Sometimes I thought I saw *Mariana's* melting into Compassion for the Count; then I fancy'd the Count robb'd me of a Look, by throwing a Glance at her in return. — My Brother, I soon discover'd, made Choice of *Mariana*, and attack'd her briskly, like a true Cavalier. — Would to Heav'n she had met him with the same Ardor; but a cold Indifference was all the Return she made; and what Respects she paid him, were the pure Effects of Affinity, and Good Manners. — Her Air and Looks, and every Action was levell'd at the Count; and she did every thing within the Bounds of Modesty, to captivate him.

He soon saw into it; and willing to act generously, as a Man of Honour, he determin'd to stifle at first, if possible, this Passion of hers, and discover his own to me. — In order to this, he told my Brother of it, and

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begg'd he would communicate his Intentions to me.—My Brother approv'd his Addressee to me, and encourag'd his Flame; assuring him he would use all the good Offices in his Power to engage me to cherish his Passion.—He told him withal as a Secret, that he was as much in *Cupid's* Snare, as himself; that he had no sooner seen his Cousin *Mariana*, but that he fell deeply in Love with her; that he had so strong an Affection for her, notwithstanding the Affinity in Blood, (being first Cousins,) that he should never have any Repose till she had indulg'd his Passion.—

Under these Dilemma's, we all four met in the Gardens one Day, for the benefit of the cool Breezes, it being the beginning of *August*; where our Conversation was very agreeable and pleasant; little mistrusting, for my part, that this would be a Scene so tragical as it prov'd.—But you shall hear.

My Brother took this occasion, as I was by his side, to separate me from the Count and *Mariana*, and being out of hearing, he laid his Cheek to my Ear, and whisper'd to me the most agreeable News in the world.—He said,——

What think you, my dear Sister, of the Count *De Bon Esprit* for a Husband? —— Have you so much Tenderness in you, as to believe him worthy your Esteem?

Bless me! (*cry'd she to Gillian*) to hear this from my Brother, was something amusing to me for the present.—I could not guess

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at his Meaning, but put a double *Entendre* upon all he said ; when rallying my Spirits, The Count, *said I*, is a Person of Merit, and as such deserves Esteem and Respect from all that know him, but me, in particular, for his many valuable Accomplishments, and agreeable Conversation.

Yes, *said my Brother*, I know his Merits, or else should not have thus took upon me to advance this Affair he has disclos'd to me.

But how if that Heart (*said I*) is now giving away to another? —

Forbid it, (*cry'd he*) with some fierceness in his Looks ; — I rather believe he is labouring to engross you absolutely to himself, in discouraging *Mariana* from having any Prospect of being your Rival.

I was infinitely pleas'd, you may imagine, with this Intelligence, but fear'd the Consequence of it ; not that I could imagine her Malice would have been so considerable as to have wrought me all the Mischief I have gone through.

Then you are in earnest, *mon Frere*? *said I*.

Yes, *said he*, I am ; and there is no other Person in the World the Count adores but you ! —

These last Words were deliver'd so loud, that *Mariana* heard them distinctly : So that what with the cold Conversation she met with from the Count ; who it seems had given her to understand, that his Heart was not to be

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given to any more than one, and that one, *Alicia*, her Breast was fill'd with Rage and Despair; and burning with Revenge, just as we made up to join them, she pretended some frivolous Excuse, went in, and took to her Chamber.

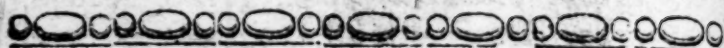
My Mother perceiving some Alteration in her Looks, follow'd her up-stairs, and pressing to know the occasion, she up and told her, the following Falsities:

That being in a private Apartment, in the Garden, she had discover'd the Count and I in a close Conference; that she had heard us agree to leave the Place, and be privately married; that the Count had declar'd himself of the *Reformed Religion*; and that my Brother was in the Secret.

My Mother no sooner heard all this, but consulting my Father, they order'd it so, that I was sent twenty Miles off that very Night, to a Relation's, who was to keep me retir'd, till farther Orders.

And tho' I could not presently get loose, yet it was not long before we found means to correspond with each other by way of Letter, so prevalent is Gold over the Minds of those about us! — But, as my Eyes, are weaken'd by Confinement and Grief, I must beg you to read those Letters to me, which I have hitherto preserv'd. When reaching out her Arm, she pull'd them from a Nich in the Wall, and gave them to *Gillian*, who read them in the following Order.

To



To the most beautiful and lovely of her
Sex, the Lady *ALICIA*.

MADAM,

SINCE the Language of the Eyes is become criminal, 'tis with the more Cheerfulness I absent myself for some time, rather than incur the Displeasure of your Parents, tho' at the same time I languish and dye for you. — So long as my Memory remains, 'tis impossible to forget your dear Image, tho' I have no knowledge of myself. — I would ask, — but, why should I? — the favour of a Line from you, in return to this; which, if found out, may prove a Witness against me. Oh! that I had never seen thy Brightness; but had staid in France, and gaz'd away my Life on those duller Lights, which preside there! then had I not eclips'd thy Lustre, nor disturb'd thy Repose. — But, alas! what then? — Why, then, I had not seen the Sun in its native Beauty, nor felt the Force of its Rays. — This is a confused Billet, but not so confused as the Author of it; who knows of no Expedient to re-instate you in your former Tranquility, than what you can command yourself from him, who would willingly

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lingly prostrate himself, and dye at your Feet, in the quality of,

M A D A M,

Your Ladiship's most humble

Slave and Servant,

DE BON ESPRIT.

To the most accomplish'd Lord, the generous
Count *DE BON ESPRIT*.

MY LORD,

*THE Language of the Eye is best found
out, by the Intention of the Heart. —
You are the only Judge of that. — What
Actions criminal it has already produc'd, I
know not ; nor why a Person should fly from
his Repose, when he has occasion'd no Breach
of it ; and it is a Mystery to me he should
seek Death, when I know he deserves it not.*
To

To bury in Oblivion, therefore, one whose Memory, at the same time, must be lost to herself, is a double Murder, and cannot be atton'd for.—You have what you ask for, and with it my Heart : So that if this likewise be found out, let it be a Witness of my Sincerity in bestowing it.—Oh that I had been in France when you arriv'd here ; then had I not seen those invincible Eyes, which have darken'd my own ! Then had I remain'd ignorant of what it is to love ! — But, what then ? — Why, then I had not seen the lively Charmer of my Soul, the Accomplish'd of Mankind.——I know of no other Expedient to make us both easy under this Separation, than Perseverance ; — and if you will have it come with Authority, let it be my Command that you take all the necessary Precautions for your Preservation, and the continuation of our Correspondence, that I may be enabled to live to raise you into the Arms of,

Your constant Admirer,

ALICIA.





To the incomparable *ALICIA*.

My lovely Charmer,

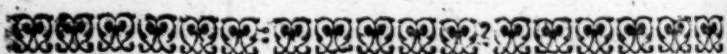
I Will observe your Injunctions with the exactest Fidelity, since I have in possession so rich a Jewel as your Heart; for, should I miscarry, not only my own Life, but what is preferable to a thousand of it, will ly liable to be lost.— Just now I had the Honour to receive a Letter from your Brother. He informs me that Mariana, has turn'd her Passion for me into a mortal Hatred.— What Happiness should I have met with in a Woman of so fickle and restless a Temper! — And further, he says, that having run her Length with me, and missing of her Aim, would fain indulge his Passion; but that seeing the Mischiefs she has created in his Family, and her haughty Disposition, he has done her Justice, and abandon'd her; that he understands, he is to go abroad again quickly; but that he will first concert some Measures, whereby we may meet again, and consummate our Wishes.— This he expressly enjoins me to write to you, and with it, all the Affidavities of a loving Brother; and with this joyful News, I tender at your Feet all the De-

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Woirs and Respect my Soul is capable of bestowing on the most deserving Alicia, by her eternal Admirer,

And faithful Lover,

DE BON ESPRIT.



To the most Illustrious Count DE BON
ESP R I T.

My Lord,

I *was with much Difficulty and Danger I received your last Letter ; for the Person who brought it, was detain'd on the Road, the Floods being great through excessive Rains.— My Soul trembled thro' Fear some Disaster had befallen you : Nor could I close those Eyes which would for ever gladly gaze on thine ; so that my Sleep was broken, and Senses disorder'd.— At last came into my Chamber, the sly Maid, who attends me, and by whom I receive all my private Letters ; who, to add to my Affliction, shook her Head, and held open her Hands, signifying as much as if she had nothing for me. But*

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the Wench perceiving me to turn Pale at this Amusement of hers, immediately pull'd from her Bosome, your Letter, and said, I see, Madam, you are indisposed, therefore I have brought you a Cordial; and so threw it into my Lap, and withdrew.—And, indeed a Cordial it prov'd; for my Illness held no longer than the reading it out: Such benign Influence has every thing that belongs to you! — My Brother's Concern for our Welfare, is manly, generous, and the result of strict Friendship; Heaven grant him propitious! And as to the Metamorphosis in relation to Mariana, nothing can be more just. May she live to repent, but dye an old Maid.— Your Letter shall lye under my Pillow this Night; perhaps it may prove a Charm, not only to lull me asleep, but inspire me with the many bright Ideas peculiar to yourself. Adieu! — But, hold, I must not yet leave you: Be sincere with me in your next, and say, whether these severe Trials in Love's Infancy, does not sometimes embarrass you, and now and then inject a Notion of Apostacy? But, Oh! diffident, and reprobable Maid, why should I give into so much Impiety, as to harbour so treacherous a Thought? 'Tis because my Love is infinitely tender of you, and I persuade myself, that were you to forsake me, there is ne'er another Heart so capacious as mine, to entertain and cherish you. But, once more, Farewel! — Yet I must first ask Forgiveness of you, for my Distrusts,

G 2

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And groundless Fears: Place them to the Imbecilities of our Sex, and Heaven reward you. Farewel, Adieu, my Lord, farewel.

A L I C I A.



To the infinitely charmer of my Soul, the
Lady A L I C I A.

Madam.

A Thousand of my most unfeigned Acknowledgments are not sufficient to recompense you for the favour you say you will do my Letter. I do the same by yours, but wish your Bosome in the room; when, lost to my self, I shall be swallow'd up in the more substantial Joys of Love. May your Rest never be disturb'd; but your Dreams and Visions of the Night, calm and pleasing as your Wishes.—You ask me whether I am subject to Despondency; yes, I own I am; and sincerely declare to you, that sometimes I am apt to think, Heav'n has reserv'd you for some other more deserving of Alicia; and that these Pains I undergo for your Sake, will be more afflicting and fatal to me, to see the Apostacy on your side. But, oh! ti-
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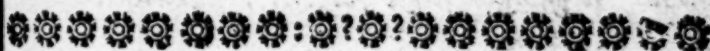
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morous Man that I am ; how soon do I pu-
nish myself for these wild Conceptions against
thy Integrity? Since then, Alicia distrusts,
and Esprit despairs, and both without Rea-
son, let the Forgiveness be equal and pass an
Amnesty for all Crimes committed of that na-
ture. Adieu, my Angel: But stay, I wait
with Impatience the happy Minute, I am
told, we shall meet again ; your generous Bro-
ther having sent me Word, that the Design
he has form'd for that purpose, will in a few
Days be put in execution, and of which you
will give me notice. Let's call to our Aid
all the superior Powers to make it successful.
But, Adieu, till then ; Farewel ; Adieu, my
Divine Lady.

DE BON ESPRIT.



To the Count DE BON ESPRIT.

My Lord,

ALL Compliments apart, now ! — The
time is come that you must push an At-
tempt which will for ever make us happy,
or miserable. Know then, that I am to in-
form you, That on Sunday next, you are to

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be at Sir H---y, J-----n's, where you will meet my Brother, with several young Gentlemen, who are deep in his Interest. He will lead you to an Avenue which comes to the back of a Garden, in which I have the Privilege to walk, it being thought secure by reason of a Mote round the Wall : But the Gardener is in the Secret ; so that 'tis hoped you will meet with no Obstruction, since most of the Family will be then abroad. I will make the suitable Dispositions against that Hour ; for my fluttering Soul is upon the Wing, ready to fly into the Arms of her beloved Lord.

ALICIA.

P. S. You must come Mask'd and Arm'd, for the Company will all appear in Disguise. The Messenger stays for this. Adieu.



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These Letters being read over distinctly, I return you a thousands Thanks, *said the young Lady*, for the Pains you have taken to oblige me.

You will make me sufficient Amends, Madam, *said Gillian*, for that small Task I have perform'd, by your Ladiship's continuation of the History of your Troubles, which I perceive are not only unjust, but very severe.

I will readily oblige you (*reply'd Alicia*) and therefore I beg your Attention.

My Brother, the Count, and their Friends, met at Sir H--y's, aforesaid, where having a Coach and six Horses ready, about three in the Afternoon they come to the Place appointed; where they found the Gardener lying on a Bank, as if he were fast asleep, with his Keys by his side; which they no sooner saw, but they unlock'd the Garden-door, where I and my Maid were waiting to receive them.

The Count no sooner saw me, but he caught me in his Arms, and carried me off to the Coach hard by, my Brother, with the Maid and the rest, following close after.

The Count and I, with my Brother and the Maid, were all that went in o the Coach, the rest rode before on, Horse-back, as our Safe-guard. We drove with such dispatch, that by Seven that Evening we were at our Journey's end, a Gentleman's Seat, which my Brother had provided for us; the Owner of it

being his particular Friend, and one that accompanied him.

Here I staid secure enough from my Enemies, and the Gentlewoman of the House made as much of me, as if I were her own Daughter, till such time as the Heat of their Enquiries was somewhat abated.

My Father had omitted nothing to regain me, but all was fruitless; and being inform'd by *Mariana*, who, by some unknown means to us, had got the Intelligence of my Brother's being in the Design, and that I was preparing to go abroad, had also added to her Correspondence, one of the most hellish Lies that a malicious enraged Woman could invent; and which was, That I had forfeited my Vertue and Honour to my Rescuers, but in particular to the Count: not without some shrewd Reasons to believe that my Brother unnaturally shar'd with him in it.

Could any thing but Devils, Demons, or satannick Rage, inspire a Heart with so much Mischief? (said *Alicia*) so much Inhumanity and Ill-nature! so much Insensibility and Stupefaction! and so much barbarous, and cruel Disposition, to assassinate and massacre the Reputation of one so nearly allied to her in Blood! — Well; but so it was, as you shall hear.

She so far cultivated these notorious Falsities, that they grew up to such a heighth, that my Parents, at last, imbib'd 'em as Articles of Faith; so that not nothing but Hor-

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ror, Confusion, and wild Despair reign'd in my Family.

My Mother griev'd incessantly, and pin'd herself into a Consumption; whether she is yet living, I am ignorant. My Father rag'd even to Distraction, and vow'd the Deaths of us all. If there was any room for the Gleams of Joy, and secret Satisfaction, it was in the infernal Breast of *Mariana*, who could at that time look with so much Indifference upon the Ruins of a Family herself had created.

And this leads me down (*continu'd Alicia*) to that Part of my Life, which immediately concerns my being here.

You must know, that in this melancholy juncture of Affairs, my Brother had received a Packet from his Confidante, which inform'd him, among other things, that my Father had procur'd an Order to search what Outward-bound Ships he suspected, in any Port he thought fit; and that he was resolv'd to regain us, tho' it cost him his 'ife and Fortune.

Upon this a Cabinet Council was call'd, in order to our own Safety. My Brother proposed, that we should remove twenty Miles farther, quite cross the Country, to an Inland-Town; and there stay till his Father had made his intended Search.

II. That the Place we came from should be the Half-way-house, which should receive all Letters from our Correspondents, and dispatch them to us. And,

III. A Remonstrance to be drawn up by himself and the Count, and sent to our Father, to justify our innocent and lawful Intentions; and complain of the many Hardships we suffer'd in our Reputation, by the gross Lies of *Mariana*.

IV. That in the mean time, he was free the Count should ask me in Marriage; and that, with my Consent, he should be proud of that Opportunity of preserving his Friend in becoming his Brother-in-Law.

The Count assented to what had been offer'd, with the most profound Respects and Acknowledgments for the Honour my Brother intended him, and propos'd in his turn, that,

I. He might be the Messenger to carry the said Remonstrance. Alledging, That as he was the first Cause of all the Misfortunes in our Family, no doubt but Heaven would incline our Father to assuage his Passion, and hearken to Reason, when he perceiv'd him prostrate himself so generously before him.

II.

II. But that if he went, he would go in the quality of his Son ; which when once he was made sensible of, there would be no room to doubt, but it would pave a way to put an end to all our Troubles.

The Company by no means would consent to his being the Messenger himself, as fearing some fatal Consequence : But it was agreed that my Brother should give me in Marriage to the Count, as soon as a Priest could be procur'd for that purpose ; to sign the Remonstrance as Son-in-Law ; and to send it by a Person they could confide in.

In short, in three Days, a Priest of our own Communion was got, and we were both married privately, under fictitious Names, we assumed to ourselves ; and continued the most happy Couple, till we were cruelly torn from each other, in the manner I am going to relate.

The Memorial was drawn up in the most dutiful and moving Expressions : and every thing in relation to our unhappy Circumstances set in a true Light ; and so sign'd and sent as intended : But the unhappy Messenger was deceiv'd in the Person he deliver'd it to. — *Mariana* was too cunning for us. She order'd one to personate my Father, who was seemingly to receive and read what was sent to himself, with all the good Humour and Gaiey he was able ; and to dismiss the Messenger with

with a large Gratuity, and a Command to tell those that sent him, That he would take care all should be as they desir'd in a little time.

Thus dismiss'd, after some Refreshments, as customary, he proceeded on his way back ; but the wicked *Mariana*, had order'd a Servant to mount one of my Father's best Horses, and in a Huntsman's Dress, to join him upon the Road, and keep him company till he had found out the Place he was going to.

This Design succeeded to her Wishes ; the Person return'd to her with a satisfactory Account ; which Account she soon communicated to my Father ; at the same time being so cunning as to conceal from him the knowledge of the Remonstrance my Brother had sent him.

You may imagine my Father was glad of this Information, and got every thing in all possible readiness to come and surprize us : But as it was two good days Journey for a Horse ; and that the Seat where we resided was remote from any Town, and was made strong by a Wall, moted round, with a Drawbridge, he deferr'd his Journey till he had assembled together all his Friends, and taken their Advice.

In the mean time, we had waited with Impatience to hear, some way or other, in the *Gazette*, of something favourable for us ; for we could not conceive any other Expedient,

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dient, since we believ'd he knew not where to write to us.

Things being thus in suspense, and three Months being gone since my Marriage, and I finding myself with Child, my Husband grew impatient at staying so long in *England*, having received News of his Father's Death, whereby he became Possessor of his Honours and Estate, mov'd my Brother to assign a Day for our departure; proposing an Expedient of travelling by Night to *Dover*, and there embark for *Callis*, on board a small Vessel to be provided for that purpose.

He added further, that as his Love to me was rather increased, than otherwise, he would not only run the risque of his Estate, but his Life, rather than leave me behind him. — That here he thought none of us safe, but particularly his own Person, which, he was inform'd, lay liable to be punish'd with Death, according to the Laws of *England*, for stealing an Heirefs. — That as to my Brother, who had prov'd himself a perfect Pattern of Friendship, and who, above all things, but myself, lay nearest his Heart, that he might bear him Company with the less Regret, and make a Figure in the World, suitable to his Birth and Merits, he would make over to him, for his Life, one half of his Estate, which was more considerable, than what my Father, if reconcil'd to him, was able to leave him; and therefore he begg'd he would declare his Intentions in favour of what he had offer'd.

You

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You need not but to think and ask any Favour, *said my Brother*, and you have it from me.—Henceforth, let us be inseparable : and the first Instance of this new Alliance shall be on my side, for this Instant I will go and give Orders to do as you have desired.—

My Brother was as good as his Word ; the Evening of Departure was assign'd ; but, before it came, we received Intelligence, by one of our Spies, that my Father lay *incognito* at a neighbouring Village, with half a Score desperate Fellows, who slyly observ'd our Motions.

This News, at first was something shocking to us ; but my Brother and the Count, had fix'd their Resolutions, and go they would at the time appointed.

Accordingly, in the dead of the Night, the Men, to the number of Eight, mounted on Horse-back, and none but I and my Maid, with my Husband, were in a Chariot with Six, when we drove silently away over a Heath out of the Road, for two Miles, when we met another By-way, which was to carry us into that of the Main-road to the Place we design'd, but, as I understood afterwards, by our driving over a gravelly Ground, the rattling of the Chariot-wheels was heard at a considerable distance by some People, who had been order'd to keep a nightly Watch, in relation to us ; my Father having been privately with the Justices all the neighbouring Country round,

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round, and obtained their Orders for that purpose.

The Alarm reaching my Father, he and his Men soon mounted, and the Country was immediately rais'd ; so that two Hours before Day we were overtook, as we were driving thro' a little Village. Bless me ! what Consternation was I in, when I heard the first Pistol go off behind us ; and found the Count rend himself from me, burst open the Chariot-door, and mount his led Horse with Sword in hand ! The thoughts of killing my Father struck deep into my Soul, but much more the Life of my dear Lord and Husband, which then was in the most imminent Danger.—The Welfare of my Brother, likewise struck in by the way, so that I was no ways capable of thinking in the least what Danger I was in myself.—As to the Fears about my Father, it seems, I might have spar'd 'em ; for he was not in the Skirmish, but waited with some Officers at the further-end of the Ville, ready to seize us.

But to return.—My Brother, notwithstanding his undaunted Courage and Bravery, had his Horse shot under him, and his Leg broke, so that he was left defenceless, and surrender'd himself. The Count fought with a Manfulness peculiar to all that's Brave, and Heroick. He was twice dismounted, and receiv'd several slight Wounds, but being over-powr'd, and his Communication cut off with the Chariot, which, by this time, was seiz'd, he had much ado,

ado, with a Servant, to escape with his Life; but whether he be living, or dead, I am altogether ignorant.

Here *Alicia* made a sudden Stop, but it was occasion'd by a Flood of Tears, which the Remembrance of that tragical Separation had brought fresh to her Mind.——It was some time before the Shuices of Sorrow stopt, when drying her Eyes, with a heavy Sigh, she went on thus:——

Oh, my dear Lord! forgive me, the Author of thy Woes; and, if living, learn to forget her who has innocently so much troubled thy Repose! ——

But, forgive me, Madam, *cry'd she* to *Gillian*, I have detain'd you too long; ——I will therefore, finish what I have to say, in a few words:

You must know, that as soon as my Father saw me, he gave me a Look deserving of all that's undutiful; and would have shot me thro' the Head, had not a Gentleman interven'd, and with-held his Hand.—— Look strictly after that Wretch, *said he* to two of his Retinue, and see her forth-coming on your Peril; and so rode off.

He was no sooner gone, but a Gentlewoman stepp'd into the Chariot, follow'd by a Gentleman, who having chang'd our Coach-man and Postilion, gave Orders to drive another Rout.

By

By this time you will not wonder, at my swooning away; my Sorrows were so great, I sunk under 'em into the Arms of my Maid, just as we arriv'd at the Place appointed for our Reception.—

They got me into the House, and laid me on a Couch; and with proper Applications, and a great deal of Fatigue, kept Life in me: And miraculous it is, that it occasion'd not the death of both, if not one of us, either the Infant now within me, or the Mother of it.

In this new Habitation they kept me above a Week, till I was in some better condition to travel: — And, indeed, they omitted nothing to comfort and cherish me; the Gentlewoman of the House, who was a very discreet, well-bred Person, labour'd infinitely to assuage my Grief; and she did contribute a great deal to it, by suffering my Maid to continue by me. But, I was soon carried from hence, and lodg'd the next Day within eight Miles of my Father's House; and here it was that they renew'd my Grief, by abandoning me to the too-officious Care and Inspection of an old Governess, a Woman of a morose, and unpolish'd Nature.— Here they kept me confin'd to my Chamber, about three Weeks, when, one day, as I was sitting melancholy in my Chamber, discoursing with my Maid, who should come in, but my Father, follow'd by a Priest and my Governess.—

Hussy!

Huffy! cry'd he to my Maid, your Crimes are deserving also of Death, and with Justice, I might inflict it upon thee; but thy Faithfulness to that unnatural Daughter of mine, has gained thee Friends to procure thy Pardon. — You have it, therefore, *said he*, but on this condition, that you immediately take your Leave of this Mistress, and go and seek another. — And pray, Madam, *said he to my Governess*, see that she takes what is belonging to her, and quits this House in half an Hour. —

The poor, faithful Maid, with Tears in her Eyes, immediately flung herself at my Feet, and embracing my Knees, bid me a thousand Adieu's; and raising herself on her Knees, I gave her one long parting Kiss, and with it a Diamond Ring, as a Reward for her faithful Services; when my Father bid her withdraw, which she did accordingly, with my old Governess.

And now, Forsooth, *said my Father to me, sternly*, your Crimes are of the deepest Dye, and justly deserve Death in this World, and severe Punishments in that which is to come, but by the Persuasions of this Holy Man, (*pointing to the Priest*) you are permitted to live, but it shall be in Confinement all your Days. — If you have any Replication to what I have said, pray make it to your Confessor, for I desire never more to see you open your Lips. —

And

And here he turn'd himself about, and taking the Priest by the Hand, whisper'd something in his Ear, and withdrew, leaving him behind.

In short, he confess'd me, but strange it was, without Absolution; for he could not bring me to acknowledge that abominable and unnatural Crime, *Mariana's* hellish Lyes have charg'd me with.

The Priest having now left me, that Evening I was conducted to my Aunt's, who owns this Place, and who privately had fitted up this Apartment, where you found me; but what is yet reserv'd for me, Heaven only knows.





C H A P. VII.

The Lady Alicia is deliver'd of a dead Child, and dies herself soon after. Gillian retires with the Lady M——n, back to her Seat. From thence, with her Children, she goes to her own Home. Buries her Daughter. Makes Provision for her Son. Falls sick herself, and dies.

JUST as the Lady Alicia had ended the History of her Life, in a Sea of Tears, her Aunt, (who by some Accident was return'd sooner than expected) open'd the Door and enter'd. Gillian had Presence of Mind enough to carry off the Surprise, —Madam, said she, you are happily return'd in time; your Neice here, is in Travail: It behoves you therefore to send back for some Assistance immediately. I'll go myself, (reply'd she) and bring them, and what other Necessaries are wanting, with me.

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She did so ; and whilst she was gone, the young Lady in reality fell in Labour. Her Apartment was already stor'd with Cordials, and other Restoratives, suitable to such an Occasion. Her Aunt return'd in less than half an Hour, with two Women, her Confidantes ; so that *Alicia* had as much Assistance about her, as a Woman could expect, or desire, at that time.

But her Labour was so hard, and continued so long, that notwithstanding all the Skill, Care, and Application *Gillian*, with those about her, could use, it was two Days before she could be deliver'd ; and then of a dead Son, of inimitable Beauty, and Texture. Nor was the Mother sensible of its coming into the World, her Pains were so acute and severe, even to Distraction, occasion'd by the many Frights and Sorrows her Misfortunes had brought upon her.

In this Condition, they prudently conceal'd from her the death of the Infant, as fearing it might immediately occasion that of her own.——But they might have spar'd themselves that trouble, for this poor, distressed Lady, the third Day of her Delivery, when they all suppos'd her inclining to Sleep, all of a sudden fetch'd two Heart-breaking Shrieks, and gave up the Ghost.

So dismal a Scene as this, shock'd all there present ; but *Gillian* was more affected than the rest.——She could not forbear weeping over her lifeless Corpse, since she found how wickedly

wickedly she had been abused ; and, had she liv'd, would have labour'd with all her might, to set things in a true Light, and restore her again to her Husband and Father.

But, alas ! the Tragedy is at an end, and she is no more ; and so we will leave her to be privately buried, with her Son, in one Coffin, and one Grave ; concluding with the Poet ;

*Down-hill to th' Shades you go an easy
Way ;*

*But, to return, and re-enjoy the Day,
That is a Work ! a Labour !——*

The Interment of *Alicia* being over, *Gillian* grew restless and uneasy at the thoughts of staying there any longer ; which the Lady *M—n* perceiving, she order'd her Coach to be got ready, and return'd with her to her own Seat. Here *Gillian*, with Joy, found her Children in good Health ; and tarrying there, by the Lady *M——n's* Persuasion, a Week longer, she was re-conducted safe to her own Home again, in her Ladiship's Coach.

Thus she continued in a State of Widowhood above two Years, when her Daughter sicken'd with a Surfeit, which center'd in the Small-pox, of which she died.

The Loss of this Daughter affected *Gillian* very much ; but she bore it with as much Patience as she was able, till Time had worn out the Remembrance of that also, as it had done other Troubles before.

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And now *Gillian* finding herself advanced in Years, and in a declining State of Health ; she thought it time to settle her Affairs, not only in regard to this World, but to her future Happiness. — She therefore, in the first Place, threw aside all Business and Trade, forsook the busy World, and took to a religious retir'd Life. In the next, she made her Will, and gave one fourth Part of her Estate to her Husband's Brother ; to whom she bequeath'd the Care of her darling and hopeful Son, in case she should dye before he came of Age ; the rest of her Estate, she left him as his Inheritance.

Thus with-drawn from worldly Cares, she gently with her Age, run over a few Years, when she came gradually, as it were, to the Period of her Life, which she calmly resign'd into the Hands of Death, in the 59th Year of her Age, very much regretted by all that knew her.

And now, Reader, we have no more to add, but. pursuant to our Promise, and in justice to her Memory, we thus Characterize her in the three several Scenes of Life she run through, virtuously and honourably.





The Character of a modest Virgin, exemplify'd in Gillian of Croydon.

GILLIAN, the lovely vertuous Maid,
Calls the chaste Muse unto our Aid,
To sing those Glories which are due
To She that's pure, and constant too.

Look when *Aurora* shows her Head,
Gillian arises from her Bed ;
And 'fore she dresses any ways,
Kneels down, and most devoutly Prays :
Then cloaths herself and strait descends,
To bid Good-morrow to her Friends :
Her Parents, who, next Heav'n can bless,
And whom she humbly does address ;
Bestows their Blessings on the Maid,
Whose Merits are with Love repaid :
They gladly own with out-stretch'd Arms,
Her growing Piety and Charms.

Next to some curious Work she hies,
And shews her Art deserves a Prize ;
Perhaps, in Wax-work Fruit, she forms a Feast,
Lovely enough to tempt Mankind to Taste.

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New Wonders next she does unfold
 In artful Webs, with Figures bold.
 So on this Globe the Creatures rose,
 When Nature did her Forms dispose.
 Nor does she only treat our Sight,
 But gives Instruction with Delight.
 In ev'ry Stitch, some Moral's read,
 Some useful Hist'ry in each Thread :
 Here *Ariadne* sheds her Tears ;
 And there false *Theseus* slowly steers :
 Diff'rent their Looks ; our Eyes espy
 True Grief in hers ; in his, false Joy.
 What God inspires her to impart,
 Such Scenes which never touch'd her Heart ?
 For yet she's ignorant, and knows
 Nothing of what her Arts disclose ;
 Her tender Breast, as yet can't show,
 The Joys and Torments Lovers know.
 But stay awhile, and you shall find,
Gillian, like other Maiden-kind,
 Shall with Love's Torch be fir'd, and burn ;
 And with the lonely Turtle mourn.
 Deluge herself in Tears of Grief,
 And, *Ariadne* like, find no Relief.

Sometimes, to grate the Fair, allow'd,
 Her Vertue ventures 'mong the Crowd ;
 When publick Sports and Pastimes are
 Allow'd to throw aside all Care,
 When, in some Ring, bright *Gillian's* seen,
 Admir'd by all for Shape and Mien.
 Nor Art, nor Dress, need she employ,
 Her Beauty can alone destroy.

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Her piercing Eyes, deep Wounds can give
To all, and yet but one relieve.
Of all the Youths, the chosen Prize,
Is one, the rest a Sacrifice.

None have the Happiness to find
Himself the Object of her Mind ;
But the bold vent'rous Youth, who dare
Attempt Love's Livery to wear.

Yet urg'd by Fate's severer Law,
Each stakes, tho' but one Heart can draw :
And tho' forewarn'd, they still push on,
And gaze until they're quite undone :
Nay, with old *Adam* will out-vye ;
And for one Look, bow down and dye.
Whilst the fair Slayer is yet free,
And ignorant as the lovely tempting Tree.

But thus She shall not long remain,
As ignorant of others Pain ;
Her own at length shall wound her so,
Another's Pain her Breast shall show.
Sad Sighs shall from her Bosome fly,
And she, alas ! not knowing why.
Whilst in her Breast fresh Troubles move,
Blushing, she dreads to think 'tis Love.
Each Look her Parents cast, she fears
They should discern the Cause in hers.
Thus seiz'd, to some more skilful she,
Whom she can trust with Secrecy,
She strait repairs, and begs to know
Why Maidens must be wounded so ?
Why Lovers thus perplex their Hearts,
And talk, and dream of Flames and Darts ?

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Her Confidante explains the same,
And tells her, Love's a copious Theme :
That all it aims at, is to be
Belov'd by him, that loves as She.

At this she scoffs, and strives to feign
Some Mirth, to hide a real Pain.
For Love, that did her Heart invade,
Is now himself a Pris'ner made ;
And finding that her Strength is flown,
And no Resistance of her own,
She lets the little Tyrant dwell
Quiet within the limits of his Cell.

Her favour'd Swain, unthinking lyes,
Not knowing he has gain'd the Prize,
Among the rest, he wretched deems,
And Sighs to know whom she esteems :
Grows restless, and disconsolate,
And fain would urge to know his Fate :
Not that his Merits are unknown,
Or Pains, she feels them by her own :
Whilst he, of all the humble Train,
Thinks he's most Reason to complain :
For tho' her Heart consents to yield,
Herself a Victim in Love's Field,
Her Tongue with Modesty denies,
And cannot yield for what she sighs.
Flies what her Wishes fain would chuse,
Fast as her am'rous Swain pursues.
Till out of Breath, she is out-run,
And all Resistance fled and gone,

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When at her Feet himself he throws,
And both are eas'd of all their Woes.
He gains the fault'ring Words, *I yield*,
And leaves him Master of the Field.

His Parents then his Choice carress,
And forwards for the Nuptials press :
The willing Maid this News receives,
The Day's assign'd, yet still she grieves :
Her Modesty still makes her Coy.
And fear the Trial of unpractis'd Joy.

*The Character of a good and discreet Wife, exemplified in
Gillian of Croydon.*

NOW Muse assist us to relate
The Glories of a Marriage State :
Go, bid Good-morrow to the Bride :
Her Blushes now no longer hide.
Conduct her to her Household Charge :
Which, like her Charms, is fair and large,
Tell her, that to a Seat she's come,
More hers, than her own Native Home ;
Where, as a Subject, she appear'd,
But here as Queen, she is rever'd.

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From Parents Arms to *Hymen* sent,
O may she ne'er the Change repent !
Whilst Marriage-Rites convey her thence,
A Husband shall atone th'Offence.
He makes amends for all their Cares,
And crowns with Joys their hoary Years.

See how her chaste and vertuous Life,
Betimes adorn the Name of Wife.
As Minds design'd for Joys above,
Prepare on Earth for their remove,
Practise so well their Graces here,
That they as Guests are welcom'd there :
So *Gillian*, in her Virgin-Days,
With Lustre shone thro' Vertue's Rays,
That she from first adorns the Life,
Which decks the Maid, and crowns the Wife.
From Censure free, no Faults espies,
And swift from baneful Vice she flies.
Her Heart in Wisdom does delight,
Next to her Husband, Day and Night.
Her Thoughts without Disorder move,
And all within's pacifick Love.
When e'er she speaks, her Words, they fly
Till catch'd by some bright Angel nigh,
Who, in an Instant, does them bear,
As Incense thro' the yielding Air :
And well they may deserve that Name.
Pure as her Heart from whence they came.
Her Speech instructs us to be wise ;
And throws bright Lessons from her Eyes.
Prudence her faithful Friend and Guide,
Does o'er her Life so far preside,

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That ev'n her Mirth and Freedom's taught
To shun the Shadow of a Fault.
Her merry Hours are guiltless spent,
And all her Pleasure's innocent.

Next Heav'n, she hugs within her Breast,
Her Spouse, the only darling Guest.
No Monarch can more Glory share,
Nor with more Ease the Sceptre bear,
Than such a Husband, whose lov'd Wife
Makes easy all the Toils of Life.
Thrice happy Man ! who can express,
The Joys which crown thy sweet Recess,
When from the Crowd thou dost repair,
To glad thy Spouse, and ease thy Care ?
Exempt from all those transient Joys,
Which are the dire Effects of Noise ;
The Source of foolish City Sots,
Who are most noisey o'er their Pots :
Their Coffee, Chocolate, and Tea,
Their Usquebaugh, and Ratafy :
Where Truth and Honesty are cold,
And *Jews* and *Christians* bought and sold :
Where gilded Courtiers, Parasites,
Shake Hands, and Stocks, with City Knights :
And where the *Levite* too sneaks in,
Who just had preach'd against the Sin :
So sweet to him is *Mammon* grown,
He scruples not to quit his Gown.
Unhappy *Britain* ! whose hard Fate
Is owing to a factious State,
Whose Troubles, Wants, and Miseries,
From thy own Bowels do arise.

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But stay my Muse, return again,
Lest thou forget the Husband-Swain,
Who now secure in *Gillian's* Arms,
Is safe from all exterior Harms:
Return'd from all that curst Race,
Fast lock'd in *Gillian's* close Embrace,
Dove-like, he makes his Ark her Breast,
And only there can safely rest.

If Business, which our Life attends,
Or loss of near related Friends,
Should call him to some distant Town,
He rides secure the Journey on:
Lies down at Night, with sleepy Brows,
And dreams of nothing but his Spouse.
Whilst she at home, with Care and Pains,
Her female Monarchy maintains:
Discreet in this, there's none but must
Acknowledge all she does is just:
Since no Complaints her Walls surround,
And all their Toil with Peace is crown'd.

And then again, suppose his Prince,
Or Country calls, in their defence;
He calms his dear with hopeful Tales,
And much his Country's Fate prevails:
Tells her that bloody Priests will come,
With their Idolatries from *Rome*,
Assisted by some foreign Pow'r,
That will their Liberties devour:
Massacre all that won't obey,
And go to Mass, as well as they:

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And raise themselves to such a pitch,
Ourselves to damn, to make them rich.
Then seize upon our Lands and store,
And glut themselves, as once before.
The Prudent Wife, no doubt, will hear
These Truths her Husband does declare.
And willingly consent that he
Shall fight 'gainst *Rome* and Tyranny.

But now, kind *Hymen*, don't refuse,
With thy chaste Torch, to light my Muse,
Down from the *Tyrian* Bed, to find
The happy Offspring of Mankind;
In Country Cottages they live,
And Nature's bounteous Gifts receive:
For no where else, kind Nature reigns,
But 'mong the Woods, and rural Plains.
There in Perfection dwells his Race,
And there you may his Features trace,
For, when the World grew so abus'd,
That spotless Vertue was abhor'd,
And Men of Honesty bereft,
Here *Justice* her last Footsteps left.
And here just *Hymen's* Laws abide,
Duly observ'd by all the Tribe.
None treat him with more pious Care,
Nor larger of his Blessings share.
Their Labour fails not to repay,
With solid Gifts, not falsely gay:
If ought Ambition's in their Breast,
For that, he presently gives Rest.
And in Preferment's tott'ring Place,
He substitutes a healthy Race:

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Or, if a Portion wanting be,
For that he gives pure Chastity.
When Wealth no footing here can find,
Solid Content remains behind.

The Husband sows and reaps the Soil ;
His Wife as busy all the while.
With home-spun Cloathing, and good Fare,
She keeps out Cold with Summer's Care.
Hovels her Kine from threatning Rain,
Till Heaven begins to smile again :
Her tender Kids and Lambs, likewise,
From her warm Hands find fresh Supplies,
When swelling Floods, and wint'ry Snow,
Cover the Fields in Meads below.
The Weather cold, and Spouse abroad,
A larger Fire is allow'd ;
Ply'd thick with Wood, she makes it burn,
And smile against his safe return.
He tir'd with Toil, she soon espies,
And with kind Looks doth sympathize,
When a close Kiss his Spirits chear,
With Speech that's Musick in his Ear.
Next from the Cradle's rocking Charms,
She rears the Infant to his Arms :
He with the Bantling plays ; the Board
By her with wholesome Food is Stor'd :
Plenteous enough, the Household feed,
And ev'ry one supplies his Need.
This done, about the Fire he sits,
His Servants by, all parlous Wits :
This tells a Tale himself devizes,
And that another moralizes.

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A spicy Bowl good Wife brings out,
Which Husband sees go round about ;
Then drink so long till Care is fled,
When ev'ry one repairs to Bed.

These are the Blessings of Man's Life,
That's crown'd with such a virtuous Wife,
And such a one our *Gillian* made,
As early as her Marriage-Bed :
And so kept chaste her Marriage-Vows,
Till Death depriv'd her of her Spouse.

Ye who in Country lead your Lives,
And that can boast such happy Wives.
Beware how you the same make known,
Lest it should reach the Court, or Town :
Strive hard these Blessings to conceal,
Lest Courtiers to the Country steal,
And rob thee of thy Solitude ;
Swear, lye, cringe down ; all to delude,
Which, when once done, there's no return,
But all the Earth the Fault shall mourn.



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Gillian of Croydon delineated
in the State of Widowhood.

NOW cloathe thy self in fable Hue,
And let my Muse with Sorrow view
The mourning Turtle left to moan,
To Sigh, and pine her Life alone.
Sad change ! my Muse, with drooping Wing,
From Joys, the widow'd Bed to sing.
What Pow'r can teach my Muse the Art,
To comfort a forsaken Heart ?
For *Gillian's* Eyes, which oft have fir'd,
Withdraw their Light, and she's retir'd.
From hated Day, in Tears they fly,
She needs of Light no grand supply :
For Sorrow, if she were to chuse,
To do her Task, would Light refuse.
By one dim Lamp our Widow mourns,
Which weeping *Cupids* dresse by turns.
And tho' she wails, yet can't remove
The Image of her darling Love.
Just so within the thickest Wood,
The Turtle moans her Widow-hood,
Her callow Brood, not wing'd to fly,
Is all her Care, and all her Joy.
So *Gillian* left disconsolate,
Bewails, the Absence of her Mate :

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Hugs fast his Offspring in his Arms,
 And sees in theirs, the Father's Charms.
 The Girl's bright Eyes the Father's shows :
 The Boy the Father's Iv'ry Nose :
 This has the Dimple on his Chin ;
 The Girl his milk-white lovely Skin.
 Such Views as these, no Comfort shews,
 But adds fresh Sorrow to her Woes,
 To think the Father's dead and gone,
 That got so fair a Girl and Son.

But, *Gillian*, let thy Grief stop here,
 And to my Muse bow down an Ear :
 For she with Pity still shall strive
 To keep thy Graces yet alive :
 She follows thee unto his Urn,
 And Sighs and Grieves with thee in turn :
 But, willing Grief should dye away,
 As the Defunct in mould'ring Clay ;
 Her Notes she raises with her Wings,
 And thus the Glories of fam'd Widows sings.

First let bright *Debora* appear,
 Since Sacred Writ has grac'd the Fair,
 When *Judah's* chosen Men of Might,
 Fear'd much the Heathens Rage and Spite.
 Sedate her Actions, and as calm
 Her Thoughts, whilst she beneath the Palm,
 Justice exhibits all around,
 And the grand Law with Truth expound :
 But, lo ! the impious Heathen come,
 Exulting with their Horn and Drum :

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She hears the News by different ways,
Calmly resigns, and inward prays :
Then from the Earth herself uprears,
And ev'ry Tribe for War prepares :
Bids them exert their utmost Might ,
And shews a Vict'ry when they fight ;
Predicts a Conquest shall attend,
To drive the Heathen from their Land.

The next my Muse shall usher in,
Is, bright *Zenobia*, that arm'd Queen ;
Who, like *Bellona*, doth appear,
Fierce as the God himself of War.
Tho' she from Death's remorseless Hand,
Her Husband's Life could not command,
Yet could extend her scepter'd Arm,
And keep from home all foreign Harm :
And, fir'd with *Odonatus* Flame,
Push to retrieve a desp'rate Game :
In this successful overthrow,
A total Rout attends the Blow,
And Victory her Forces cry,
Whilst *Roman* Legions sink and dye.

Now Muse in mighty Pomp appear,
And bring in *Artemisia* here :
See her stupendious Structure rise
To a *Mausoleum* 'fore your Eyes :
The World, with seven Wonders fam'd,
Has justly this its chiefest nam'd :
And that it may deserve the Name,
Much Gold was us'd to build the same.

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The Veins of *Africa* affords this one,
And *Asia* yields her Marble Stone ;
Which the ingenious Artist rears,
Till it one immense Obelisk appears.
Lest any curious Trav'ler by,
Should want to know the Reason, why
This wealthy Pile stands o'er the Dead,
The following Lines may there be read :

*Passenger, turn thine Eyes, and see
A Lover's Liberality ;
Who living, freely did bestow this Cost,
In Memory to him she loved most ;
Henceforth, for ever wealthy be his Urn,
And all the Earth be naked, poor, and mourn.*

Nor shall this Monument suffice,
To wipe all Sorrow from her Eyes :
His dearest Ashes from the Shrine,
She mixes in a Cup of Brine,
Drinks freely of the costly Bowl,
In hopes thereby to chear her drooping Soul.

So *Camma's* Cup may boast the same,
Since it deserv'd as much Esteem :
For thy dear Relict's Blood was shed,
And thou the Murd'rer forc'd to wed :
Yet thou didst circumvent his Aim ;
And gain'd thy self a lasting Fame.
The Bridal Bowl, on th'Altar plac'd,
And all about it richly grac'd ;
Found out the artful Means, in th'end,
Some Poison with the Wine to blend :

Then,

Then, as the Custom was, drew near,
To taste 'fore all then present there :
And, at that Instant, sunk down dead,
As leading to the Nuptial Bed :
Whilst thy *Sinnatus* Shade did greet
Thy Fall below his murd'rer's Feet.
At the same time the Wretch, likewise,
With Rage and Poison, swells and dies.
But with this difference yield their Breath,
He raving Mad, she calmly pleas'd with Death.

To leave th'illustrious Female-Fair,
Let's to a lower Orb repair,
And see the pining, lonely Dame,
In widow'd Weeds, her Loss proclaim :
Pray'r is the Food she most does mind :
And to the Poor she's frank and kind :
To the cold Prisons she'll repair,
And feed the Sick and Hungry there.
The Naked cloath, and strive to be
A Friend too in Adversity ;
And be to all about her Dome,
Vertue's bright Pattern for the Time to come.

FINIS. 